

# THE ACADEMY

## AND LITERATURE

No. 2134

[Registered as a  
Newspaper.]

MARCH 29, 1913

PRICE THREEPENCE

COPIES OF BACK NUMBERS OF  
THE ACADEMY, WITH THE  
**Special Literary Retrospects**

CONTAINING

*Articles, Reviews & Poems*

BY

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS,  
W. E. HENLEY, WILLIAM SHARP,  
LIONEL JOHNSON,

*and many other Notable Writers, can still be obtained.*

### MOTOR CARS FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

16-20 h.p. Wolseley Torpedo.

16-20 h.p. Sunbeam Landaulette.

14-20 h.p. Leon Bollee Landaulette.

25-30 h.p. Sunbeam 6 Cyl. Cabriolet.

I have also many other new and second-hand cars at attractive prices ready for immediate use.

Kindly send details of your requirements to:—

**Aldersey Swann, Consulting Automobile Engineer**

Telephone : 3616 Central.

**9, REGENT STREET, S.W.** Telegrams : "Swanetter," London

**FOR SALE.**

Several Hundred Copies of a Specially Prepared Map of South America.

Printed in Colours showing the Produce and Chief Characteristics for which each District is noted.

For particulars apply:

**ACADEMY OFFICE,**  
63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELD'S, W.C.

**JOURNALISTIC and SECRETARIAL TRAINING FOR LADIES.**—No systematic coaching. Special course in Journalism. Excellent introductions given.—Telephone or write, **THE TRIANGLE SECRETARIAL OFFICES**, 61, South Molton Street, W.

**THE IDEAL POLICY**

provides Life Assurance WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION up to £300, provided the age of the assured does not exceed 45.

**IDEAL** Whole Life; Endowment; 20-Payment Whole Life; Life Assurance combining House Purchase Benefits. Policies issued over £300 and up to £2,000 subject to Medical Examination.

**IDEAL** Pure Endowment; **DO** Policy (Ideal Assurance for Children), are Popular Policies in Growing Demand. Guaranteed Cash Surrender, Loan, and Paid-up Policy Values are Endorsed on every Ideal Policy issued. *Prospectuses post free.*

**CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,**  
6, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.  
M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

**BARGAINS IN BOOKS.**

Kipling's Complete Works, 25 vols., half calf, gilt, fine set, £12 12s.; Meredith's Works, fine set, cloth, 24 vols., £8; Thackeray's Centenary Biographical Edition, 26 vols., £6 6s.; Dramas and Tragedies of Chivalric France, 13 vols., including Brantome's Book of the Ladies, £3 3s.; Times Century Dictionary, 8 vols., 1/2 levant (pub. £15 15s.), for £6 10s.; Temple's Flowers and Trees of Palestine, 6s., for 1s. 10d., post free; Studio Magazine, 40 vols., £9 9s.; Purchas's Voyages, 20 vols., £9 9s., Glasgow, 1905; Slater's Engravings and their Values, 1912, 18s.; Chaffer's Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain, 1912, 42s. Library of French Masterpieces, edited by Gosse, 12 vols., £2 2s.; Baile's Magazines of Sports and Pastimes, 64 vols., £7 10s.; Grimm's Fairy Tales, large paper, illus. by Rackham, £2 2s.; Proc. Inst. Civil Engineers, 142 vols., cloth, £16 16s.; Pinkerton's Voyages and Travels, 17 Vols., 1808, £5 10s.; Beardsley's Morte d'Arthur, 2 vols., £5 10s., 1893; Porter's Knights of Malta, 1858, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illustrated, £17 17s.; Gould's History Freemasonry, 3 thick vols., morocco binding, £2 2s., cost £6 6s.; Journal Society Chemical Industry, vols 1 to 24, £16 16s.; Chambers' Illustrated Encyclopædia, 10 vols., half Morocco 1904, £3 3s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—**BAKER'S GREAT BOOK-SHOP**, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

**City of York Education Committee.****YORK SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.**

The York Education Committee invite applications for the post of Head Master for the York School of Arts and Crafts.

Commencing salary offered is £300 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £500.

The gentleman appointed must hold the full Associate Diploma of the Royal College of Art, and must be especially qualified in Figure Draughtsmanship, Painting, Modelling from Life and Design, and possess a knowledge of Artistic Crafts.

The School includes in its prospectus the work of a School of Art in accordance with the regulations of the Board of Education, and there are classes in Architecture, Wood and Stone Carving, Painters' and Decorators' Work and Silversmiths' and Repousse Work.

The Head Master will be required to commence duty on August 1st next and to give the whole of his time to the service of the Committee.

Canvassing will be considered a disqualification. Applications must be made on the official form which may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope and must be returned by the 15th April.

J. H. MASON,  
Secretary to the Education Committee.  
Education Offices,  
Clifford Street, York.

**TYPEWRITING** promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words.

**WESSER**, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.  
Specimens and references.—Address Miss blton, S.W.

**THE NEW WITNESS**

(Conducted by the Editor and Staff of  
'THE EYE-WITNESS'.)

Edited by **CECIL CHESTERTON**

**THE MARCONI COMMITTEE.**

**FOREIGN AFFAIRS**—The Crisis upon the Continent.

**TWENTY YEARS AFTER.**—VI. By F. Hugh O'Donnell.

**SPORTING NOTES.** By F. W. Sullivan.

**I DON'T THINK!** Being the Life History of William Hopkins.

**FLEET STREET.** Poem. By G. K. Chesterton.

**THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.** By Arthur Ransome.

**MODERN SYBILS.** By Thomas Seccombe.

**ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.** By Desmond McCarthy.

**THE OVERTHROW OF THE CLASSIC.** By Cecil Chesterton.

**THE VICTORIANS AND MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.**

By G. S. Street.

**THE PROOF OF THE PAST.** By Hilaire Belloc

Sixpence Weekly.

At all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

Publishing Office:

9, John Street, Adelphi,  
London, W.C.

**THE ACADEMY**

A Weekly Review of Literature, Science and Art.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:

INLAND, 15s. Post Free. FOREIGN & COLONIAL, 17s. 6d. Post Free.

This may be sent to any Newsagent, or to the Offices of

THE ACADEMY, 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

To

Please send me THE ACADEMY for the next

I enclose remittance value

Name

Description

Address

New Ready.

The MARCH No. of

**THE BOOK MONTHLY**

If you would like to understand the Book World, to know the intimate aspect of book lore, of book-men and book-women, the Book Monthly will interest you. It is one of the most quoted and most chic of the book-talk journals.

Chief Contents Include:

**MR. GARVIN AS BOOKMAN.**

A Tour round his Library with Good Talk by the Way.

By J. P. COLLINS.

**TOP-NOTES IN LETTERS.**

The Present Vogue of Strindberg, John Masfield and "Milestones."

By C. E. LAWRENCE.

**LITERARY "HOWLERS."**

A Pretty Collection of Slips, mostly with a Humorous Side.

By ADAM MILLER.

**A LONDON LETTER.**

How the Reviewing Machine of a Daily Paper Works.

By JAMES MILNE.

Specimen Copy post free 6d. Annual Subscription post free 6s. 6d.

CASELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, LONDON, E.C.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week .....	387	Indian Reviews .....	401
A Complaint .....	388	Some New French Books...	402
Melusina .....	388	Animals We Laugh At.....	403
"Footprints on the Sands of Time" .....	388	At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	404
Genius and Privacy .....	389	The Theatre:	
In the Learned World .....	390	Mr. Forbes-Robertson at	
Pigmy Biography .....	392	Drury Lane .....	406
Reviews:		"The Happy Island" at	
Religion, Life and His-		His Majesty's Theatre	407
tory .....	393	"The Greatest Wish" at	
The Modern Disciple in		the Garrick Theatre ...	407
China .....	394	Notes and News .....	408
In Lighter Vein .....	395	Imperial and Foreign Affairs	409
A Coleridge Lamentation	396	Motoring .....	410
Shorter Reviews .....	397	In the Temple of Mammon	410
Fiction .....	398	Correspondence .....	411
Foreign Reviews .....	399	Books Received .....	415

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

## Notes of the Week

THE young ladies of Ravenna, Nebraska, do not want votes; they want better behaviour on the part of the young men of their town, who, while quite willing to "wear out the parlour sofa on stormy nights and peddle their pet line of sentimental goods," show a strange disinclination to come to the point. Hence an "Aid to Cupid" club, and its manifesto—which makes for entertainment, though rather mixed in its metaphor. "A girl of our club treed one indiscreet biped who fudged over the deadline and actually talked marriage." Vivid, no doubt, but it makes our flesh creep. And when the effect of the moonlight and music had passed, the "biped" returned with "tales of woe about the high cost of living and the drudgery that threatens a poor man's wife." This is not playing the game, and the girls don't like it; they prefer the solution of sentiment to be precipitated by the addition of the practical. What are the young men of Ravenna, Neb., going to do in the matter, when all the eligible ladies—there are more than a hundred—have joined the new club? The next step would seem to be a printed form of proposal, to be handed in, duly signed and witnessed, before the "parlour sofa" is permitted to creak.

On Sunday last, Spica, a star of the first-magnitude, was temporarily obscured while the moon passed in

front of it. The *Observer* wrote, in advance of the occultation: "When Spica rises just after eight o'clock, the moon will be a little to the right, its rising being timed for five minutes past eight. Thirty-seven minutes later—8.42—the moon's left limb will reach the star, which will immediately disappear." We did not witness this very high kick, but feel none the less sorry for Spica when we learn that it is the principal star in the eminently respectable Zodiacal constellation of the Virgin. The moon, if she needs diversion, may bathe in the Milky Way, watch the performance of the Great Bear, try to catch shooting stars, manipulate the Plough across the heavens, play with the tails of comets, and even have a ride in Charles's Wain, but in future let her leave the gentle and modest Spica severely alone.

Amateur gardeners, having been for some time past immersed in seed catalogues, gay with coloured plates, are now to be seen in their gardens, bending over boxes and beds, and shaking out the contents of various little packets. They stagger along with pots and pans, toy with leaf-mould, repair a pergola, and cut and roll the grass with remarkable solemnity. Ever since the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, amateur gardeners have revelled in their horticultural labours. For the most part they take their work a little too seriously. There should be whimsical romance in a garden. Royal Sweet Sultan may elope with Dorothy Perkins, Lad's Love hit a potato in the eye, Cottage Maid tulips, given a little wind, be on a nodding acquaintance with the local policeman, and daffodils blow their yellow trumpets, and ask Mr. John Masefield not to associate them with blood in future.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News and Leader* tells a good story concerning a certain doctor's handwriting. A gentleman who had suffered acute pain from chronic gout eventually discovered a medical man who seemed to understand the case sufficiently well to lead the uric acid martyr to expect a complete cure. The patient was so delighted at the prospect of getting well again that he invited the doctor to dinner. When the reply came it was in such indecipherable handwriting that the recipient could make nothing of it. Subsequently the patient's housekeeper took it to a chemist and asked if he could make it out. "Certainly," replied the druggist. In five minutes he returned, and, handing a package over the counter, said: "That will be 5s. 6d., please, with the bottle."

Rag-time for Royal processions is certainly something new, but it is an unfortunate innovation, and goes to show that we carry our crazes a little too far. Rag-time may be merry and bright, but it is scarcely the kind of music we care to associate with an English monarch. When Queen Victoria was proceeding to Paddington Station the day after the Diamond Jubilee, the crowd was so dense that the Guards' band, exchanging dignity for expediency, struck up, "Hi! Hi! Clear the Way for the Rowdy Dowdy Boys!"



## A Complaint

IF thou, being dead, hadst left to me the thought  
Of but a single look that love expressed;  
Or if upon my lips thou hadst impressed  
One raptured kiss, what magic hadst thou wrought!  
For in the light of that one glance I'd sing  
More blithe than if Thessalia's balmiest day  
Shone warm upon me. And that kiss would weigh  
'Gainst all the drouth this envious world could bring.  
'Twould well upon my lips, a constant spring,  
And roses of sweet thoughts 'twould make to grow  
Where now the burning sands of madness flow,  
Blasting my soul into a shrivelled thing.  
But thou dost live and thou art cold to me,  
More dead than if ten Lethes covered thee.

R. H. SPRING.

## Melusina

ALL her sweet self is in her song,  
Herself a maiden melody;  
The freshness of the primal air,  
The morning sunlight on the sea.

For all her praiseful parts unite  
Her matchless being's choral grace—  
Her spirit's light, her body's good,  
And the fair cession of her face.

And when she meetly sings of joy  
I am as one who newly knows  
A promise in remembered things,  
And bated secrets in the rose.

But when to cadences of grief  
Her songful ecstasies defer—  
"Ah!" then I cry, "that I might be  
Thy sorrow's lord and arbiter!"

P. J. F.

## "Footprints on the Sands of Time"

THE close of the distinguished and honourable career of Lord Wolseley may suggest a lesson which is much needed in our homeland to-day. Inertia in relation to patriotism is alleged as the badge of the young generation of Great Britain, and it is impossible to deny that the existing impression is founded to some extent on fact. The lust for continual amusement observable in large numbers of the people is the antithesis of the sense of self-sacrifice which is the basis of duty and religion—the two ingredients which compose the good citizen.

It is curious to reflect that the laxness of the youth, redeemed in some measure by movements such as those

of the Scout and the Training Brig, occurs at a period when the highest rewards are attainable by those whose equipment is civic virtue unallied either to wealth or exalted position. Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener have all achieved their pre-eminence without the advantages which belong at the outset to the darlings of fortune. *La carrière ouverte aux talents* is in the present day potential for those whose start in life is bereft of all material advantages except the priceless endowment of character.

The Lacedemonian was not wont to enquire what advantage would accrue to him from the exercise of valour. "I brought him into the world for no other end," was the unimpassioned remark of the Spartan mother when told of the death of her son in battle. To what a pass have we come when in a leading journal an authoress discusses the question of what women must do to make Englishmen patriotic, and suggests the formation of a Woman's Patriotic League? Indeed there must be something rotten in the state of England when such a scheme is canvassed—and is canvassed of necessity.

It is the fashion in these days to curse with bell, book, and candle the Feudal system and everything connected with it, but at least that system—through the obligation of military service—made men.

In classic times even the slave Epictetus knew the duty of the worthy citizen—to hold in the State

Whatever place thou canst, guarding still thy faith and piety. But if in wishing to serve her thou cast away these things, what wilt thou profit her then, when perfected in shamelessness and faithlessness?

We should be sorry to suggest that words so scathing are applicable to our countrymen to-day, but the disinclination to effort unhappily prevalent unless combated in time will prove to be the dry-rot of patriotism.

The ignoble and wholly baneful movement to appeal to mercenary instincts as the incentive of service to the State is bound to lower the standard and corrode the fibre of national obligation, whilst the subversive doctrines which it is the fashion to teach—also in the pursuit of pelf—are certain to foul the crystal stream of personal duty.

The subject of this article is one which is very distasteful to handle, and in the treatment of which brevity and reticence are desirable. There are undoubtedly encouraging signs of the times. The boys for whom something is done are keen and intelligent, and, if they can be kept aloof from the poisonous doctrines of the degenerate and the poseur, there is no need to despair of the country. The young material is happily right, but there is a brood of old rascals steeped in paradoxes, false premises, and atrocious deductions, whose main vocation in life appears to be to defeat endeavour and to pollute ideals.

The influence of such as these must be steadily counteracted by those who are capable of conceiving the true religion of patriotism, and who are determined that the British Empire shall survive.

CECIL COWPER.



## Genius and Privacy

BY UPTON SINCLAIR.

A FEW months ago everyone in England was arguing vehemently concerning Mr. Morley Roberts' book, "The Private Life of Henry Maitland,"\* which had been everywhere recognised as a disguised biography of George Gissing. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe led off with a scathing article, and thereafter one could hardly pick up a newspaper or a weekly without coming on further denunciation. Finally, Mr. H. G. Wells gave the *coup de grâce* to the unfortunate book in a review, in which, speaking as an intimate friend of Gissing, he denounced the work as "downright bad, careless in statement, squalid in effect, poor as criticism, weakly planned and entirely without literary distinction. . . . As for the story, it is a mere recital of distressful facts and of an ugly possibility, unlit by humour or mercy; it is, in fact, scandal and scandal merely."

Now, I have not had Mr. Wells' advantage of knowing Gissing. However, this may be a better qualification for viewing the book objectively, because there are no personal sensibilities to be shocked. I have read only three of Gissing's books, and I was never particularly impressed by them. Therefore I am able to read the book without any sort of prejudice. It is one of absorbing interest, a human document of vital significance, a picture of a life never to be forgotten, full of both humour and mercy. It made Gissing a figure of significance to me, which Gissing's own work had failed to do.

There are two questions involved in the discussion: First, is the book good of its kind? secondly, ought that kind of book to be? Most of the English reviews dealt with the latter question. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's argument was that for a friend of a literary man to sit down and write the facts about the dead man's intimate life, his domestic tragedies, his diseases, was to commit a horrible violation of good taste and decency; if this kind of thing were to be permitted, who would be safe? I would meet that argument squarely, and say, None of us would; and why should we? When we are dead we no longer have any right to privacy whatever. Just as our bodies should go to science to afford what knowledge they can, so our souls should be offered for autopsy. The blunders we have made, and the price we have paid for them, should serve the purpose of saving others from making the same blunders and paying the same price. If there is anything in our writing of any importance to posterity, then critics and students of our work are entitled to every detail of our personality and experience, in order to be able to understand our work and interpret it.

And all this, of course, is "scandal." It cannot be anything but scandal. Stop a moment and consider some of the great biographies of the world, of men we feel we really know. There is Cellini; Rousseau;

Samuel Johnson; Benjamin Franklin. Suppose Mr. Wells were to go through those four books and cut out all the scandal, how much of the priceless biographies would be left? What, as a matter of fact, are the things that we remember about these men? Cellini stabbed a man in the back with a dagger and then boasted of it. Johnson had a weakness for veal pie with plums, and confessed that he could abstain, but could not be moderate. Rousseau left his children in a public institution. Franklin walked the streets of Philadelphia with his pockets stuffed with rolls, and thus encountered the lady whom he married. And all these things are scandal.

There are plenty of proper biographies, published by authority of the family concerned, and conforming to the best standards of taste and decency. Mostly we let these biographies go; but sometimes they are our only source of information concerning important people, and then we realise how we have been cheated. Last year, for example, I read the authorised two-volume biography of John Ruskin, by E. T. Cook. Ruskin was one of the heroes of my youth. He taught me most of what I know about art; he helped to teach me the possibilities of English prose. If there was any man I held myself entitled to know all about, it was John Ruskin, and John Ruskin's official biographer has officially decreed that I shall know nothing about the most important episode in John Ruskin's whole life. What would I not give to know the true story of his unhappy marriage and his divorce! Apparently all Ruskin's friends were people of decency and good taste; therefore what must have been one of the greatest of human tragedies is for ever wiped out of knowledge, and one of the greatest of English prophets is for ever barred from his full influence upon posterity.

Another of the heroes of my youth was Tennyson. I really loved the author of "Ulysses," which I regarded, and still regard, as one of the noblest poems in English literature. Yet I find that I have been subtly compelled to despise Tennyson, because of the namby-pamby figure of him which was presented to me in the two-volume official biography by his son. I would not trust myself to discuss this biography; I fear my language would constitute what Mr. Wells would call a scandal. Suffice it to say that every time I think of Tennyson this is my thought: Can it be that he was never really a human being, that he never took off the mantle of the prophet and poet-laureate, and displayed real human weakness and desire?

I say that Mr. Roberts has done well to tell us the truth about Gissing as he knew him. Of course, we have to see Gissing through his spectacles. It may be that Mr. Roberts is a person of "careless egotism," to use Mr. Wells' phrase; if so, the matter is easy of correction. Let Mr. Wells write a biography of Gissing as he knew him, portraying incidentally a friend of Gissing named Roberts, and showing the "careless egotism" of that personage. In this way we shall see Gissing from two angles; he will become a figure of three dimensions, instead of two.

\*"The Private Life of Henry Maitland." By Morley Roberts. (George H. Doran Company, New York.)

As a matter of fact, Mr. Wells has very little of definite criticism to bring against Mr. Roberts on the score of his charge of "carelessness in statement." His most definite allegation is that he "belabours with abuse the poor, tormented, miserable, angry servant-girl who was Gissing's first wife." Not having known the lady in question, and not being able to discuss this judgment, I can only state the impression which I got from reading the book, which was that the facts about the wife were stated in a simple, matter-of-fact way, the worst assertions being quoted from Gissing's own letters. Here, for instance, is one passage:—

"I have lately paid a bill of one pound for damage done by my wife, damage in a London house where she lived until turned out by the help of the police. Incredible stories about her. She attacked the landlord with a stick, and he had seriously to defend himself. Then she tore up shrubs and creepers in the garden. No, I have had my time of misery. It must come to an end."

I do not suppose that Mr. Wells believes that this letter was invented by Mr. Roberts. If Gissing actually wrote this, I certainly do not see how any opinion that Mr. Roberts has expressed could possibly be described as unfair to that wife.

There are many dark places in English civilisation which need to have the light turned upon them. Among the darkest, I believe, are the conditions created by the mediæval divorce laws of the country. Here was a poor, struggling hack-writer, possibly a man of genius, certainly a man of acute sensibilities, tied to a woman who beat other people with sticks, and had to be turned out of houses by the police. Yet he was unable to get a divorce from her; his letters are full of pitiful speculations about moving to some more civilised land, such as Nevada. Because he could not get a divorce, he was driven to undertake an extremely dubious, and possibly criminal, pretended marriage with a lady in France. All of this is "scandal," and it is desired to hush up such scandal. I, for one, venture to assert that Mr. Roberts, in giving us facts, has performed an important public service.

There is another story connected with Gissing's early life. He formed an intimacy with a girl of the streets, and was sentimental enough to marry her. In his struggles to maintain her, he stole money from the pockets of students. With our present-day knowledge we should not attach too much importance to such a schoolboy tragedy. But it made Gissing an outcast from British respectability; and the tragedy of the man's life, as I read it, was that he patiently and humbly accepted this verdict from the world. I do not blame him because he lived in hideous degradation, but I do blame him because he accepted it with weak submission. In "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" is a passage in which he speaks his attitude, saying that he does not blame anybody for his humiliations:—

The world has done me no injustice. Why should

any man who writes, even if he write things immortal, nurse anger at the world's neglect. For the work of man's mind there is one test, and one, alone, the judgment of generations yet unborn. If you have written a great book, the world to come will know of it.

And this from a man of genius, who had no place to wash himself, save in the lavatories of the British Museum! If anyone thinks this is the right attitude for such a man to take, I will not argue with him; I will only say that in my opinion the world owes the man of genius a living, and that the man of genius should fight for it with tooth and claw.

Gissing's attitude is part of that quality in him which makes Wells call him "a snob, most shamefully timid." It is the attitude which we are supposed to laugh at in Barrie's "Admirable Crichton"; it is the attitude of the dog who knows his master and takes his beatings. In Gissing's case, it was, I think, the consequence of his academic education, also a thing typically English. He was interested in Greek metres. He was really happy only in reading Greek choruses. He did not want to deal with modern life, he did not want to solve modern problems, he did not want to write about modern themes. As Mr. Roberts says, his destiny was to have been a scholar at a great University. He was cheated of this destiny by the pitiful incident of his youth. He was driven out into the world, but was wholly without any equipment to meet the world. And this academic impotence is what I find and resent in all of his books which I have read.

## In the Learned World.

THE discovery announced by Professor Collie and Mr. Patterson at the last meeting of the Chemical Society is still the principal topic of conversation where men of science congregate. As was mentioned in THE ACADEMY at the time, Professor Collie suggests that he has formed helium and neon successively by electrically bombarding hydrogen first without, and then with oxygen in an exhausted tube; and Sir William Ramsay confirmed this by his own experiments, showing the spectrum of helium in an X-ray tube that had been for a long time in use. To this Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Joseph Thomson have now replied with the counter-suggestion that the helium and the neon were not formed *de novo* at all, but were all the time present in the tube, being "occluded" or shut up within the pores of the metal forming the tube's electrodes or terminals. To this it may be rejoined that, if this were the case, the spectrum of helium ought to show itself in every exhausted tube with metal electrodes, which is certainly not the case. Moreover, it may be pointed out that neither helium nor neon is likely to be occluded in the electrodes in an unmixed state, but only as constituents of the atmospheric air which is admittedly shut up there. But the proportion of either helium or neon in the atmosphere is extremely small, being less than two-tenths per cent of the volume. It is extremely



doubtful, therefore, whether, after the electrodes have been repeatedly heated to expel the gases contained in them, and the tube as repeatedly washed out to remove the result of this heating, enough gas could by any possibility remain within the electrodes to give the brilliant spectrum of helium shown by Professor Collie to his audience.

From another point of view, one of Professor Collie's opponents—or rather one of those who seem inclined to cast doubt upon the result of his experiments—indirectly does something to confirm it. Sir Joseph Thomson, in his letter to *Nature* of the 11th inst., says that, working by a method which he declares to be more sensitive and certain than the spectroscope, he has obtained evidence of the existence of a hitherto unknown element, with three times the atomic weight of hydrogen. But this is just what one might expect, if Professor Collie's view is well founded. Ozone, for instance, is a modification, or what chemists call a polymeride, of oxygen, containing nothing but that gas itself, but being made up of three atoms instead of one. It shows far greater readiness to combine with other bodies than oxygen in its ordinary state, and it may therefore well be that the hydrogen in Professor Collie's tube, before transmuting itself into helium, goes through an intermediate stage, in which it combines much more freely with its parent gas than helium, which is one of the most coy of gaseous bodies, ever does. Thus would be explained the fact mentioned in *THE ACADEMY* some time ago that Professor Fowler had been able to produce the "second" spectrum of hydrogen, hitherto only observed in certain stars, in an exhausted tube. However that may be, Professor Collie has certainly set everybody a nut to crack. It is risky to prophesy in such matters unless one knows, but it looks as if the problem would only be solved when the contents of the helium and neon obtained by his method are carefully measured and are found to bear or not some relation to the amount of hydrogen involved in their production.

Professor Bateson has concluded his series of lectures at the Royal Institution on the Heredity of Sex. He produced some curious facts as to Daltonism or colour blindness, showing how it—which is apparently an almost exclusively male defect—is transmitted by colour-blind grandparents to their grandsons through daughters who do not possess it; and he said that the same phenomenon occurs in the case of nocturnal blindness or inability to see in the dark. He, of course, went in much detail into the description of the chromosomes or red-shaped bodies in the germ cells whose number appears to determine the sex of the offspring, there being one more of them present in the case of the future female than in that of the male; and he astonished such of his audience as were up in the literature of the subject by his frank statement that he did not believe that this extra chromosome was the cause, although it might be the concomitant, of what he called "femaleness." The lectures were otherwise remarkable for being illustrated by the epidiascope, an instrument which enabled

the lecturer to show on the screen not only plane-surface pictures such as illustrations to books and the like, but also objects like dead and even living birds, cases of butterflies, and so on, in their natural colours. By its use a lecturer is saved from the trouble of making and colouring lantern-slides which are besides not always satisfactory, and the only objection to it seems to be its enormous size which is not much less than the body of a hansom cab.

Our most stable institutions are now in course of being upset, and among those thus attacked is now to be ranked the Pole star. So far from being the model of constancy, it has been for some years suspected of being variable ever since Mr. Stebbins of the Urbana Observatory, Illinois, drew attention in 1904 to the resemblance of its spectrum with that of the variable stars like Delta in Cepheus. Two years ago Professor Hertzsprung showed that the variability could really be established by photographic comparisons made between this and Beta Polaris which is the only neighbour suitable for observation. Mr. Stebbins then resumed his investigations with the help of a photometer equipped with cells of selenium, a substance whose electrical resistance varies with light, and found his suspicions confirmed, as he narrates at length in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*. The variability is slow, but there now seems no doubt that our Pole-star is one of those known as spectroscopic binaries or double stars.

Doctors are fond of telling us that we are as old as our arteries, and many attempts have been made to arrest that hardening of the arteries which is said to be the cause of most of the disagreeable symptoms of old age. At one time M. d'Arsonval's discovery that currents of high-frequency electricity would lower the arterial pressure and thereby do something to obviate the effects of the hardening, held the field, in spite of some of the facts on which he relied being challenged. MM. Desgrez and Dorléans, in a communication to the French Académie des Sciences, have now shown that the same effect can be induced with greater certainty by injection into the veins of guanine, for which there seems to be good chemical reasons. Guanine is one of the purine derivatives, among which are hypoxanthine and uric acid, and the authors in question have found that while an injection of the first of these will increase the arterial pressure in a rabbit hardly at all, one of uric acid will do so considerably and guanine will, as has been said, lower it again. As the defective elimination of uric acid from the blood has been shown to be the predisposing cause of gout and other diseases, we thus come round to the old theory that gout is the true enemy of old age.

F. L.

---

The *Era* has made a very interesting addition to the facts relating to female franchise, though, of course, the figures obtained only relate to the profession of which it is the organ. It has asked the actresses of England to declare themselves for or against the vote; and the result is a poll of 244 for and 326 against female suffrage, 845 being indifferent.



## Pigmy Biography

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

IN common with not a few other once-recognised landmarks, the boundary-line between literature and journalism has become practically obliterated in these days of advance. Time was when the distinction was clearly enough defined, even though it is probable that, ever since newspapers were invented, there have always been stray fragments of journalism which deserved to rank as literature. To-day, when the line of demarcation is almost wholly ignored, it is certain that a good deal of current literature is journalism—and some of it inferior journalism at that. It is, moreover, inevitable that, in an age of amazing literary cheapness in the commercial sense, the book that appeals to the same constituency of readers which derives the bulk of its mental sustenance from the newspapers should be increasingly influenced by the methods of the popular Press.

Those methods, as it happens, have included within recent years the development of an unbounded and almost idolatrous worship of the personal equation. When Pope reminded his generation that the proper study of mankind is man, he can little have foreseen such a *reductio ad absurdum* of his precept as is effected by the modern journalistic enterprise which not only showers free advertisement upon any chance nonentity who, by accident or design, has contrived to capture a stray beam of the limelight of publicity, but goes out into the highways and hedges of artistic and social mediocrity in search of material for a constant supply of intimate paragraphs of the "mainly about people" order.

But, whether we like it or not, the fact remains that the present-day demand for these small particulars about small people is quite as widespread and persistent as the supply. It is, in fact, strong enough to have brought into existence a swarming tribe of pigmy biographers, who make it their business—profitably, as it seems—to extend this cult of trivial *personalia* from the restricted ground of the newspaper column to the spacious arena of the book-market. Elaborate chronicles of biographical small-beer are nowadays industriously devoted to persons of whom few outside their own professional or social circle have even heard; and the callings are multiplying in which every fifth-rate notoriety can expect to obtain his or her literary monument, "with portrait," as a matter of course. As for the old rule which discouraged the writing of a life-story until the material was complete even to the final chapter, that has long since been voted obsolete and out of date. The practical modern spirit is in no mood to worry about posthumous literary honours, having grasped the great truth that advertisement is of far more use to the living than it can possibly be to the dead.

Since there appear to be plenty of people who like this kind of thing well enough to pay for it, there is

presumably no means of preventing them from having what they want. But while they are seeing that they get it, we are confronted with the fact that this curious modern demand for the writing of books round the biographically unfit is responsible for an output of literary trash hardly less devastating in quality, though necessarily less overwhelming in quantity, than that supplied by the misdirected energies of the superfluous novelist. The latter, indeed, is entitled to remind us that his fiction is, at least, presented *as* fiction—in which respect he has undoubtedly the moral advantage of the pigmy biographer.

One might be prepared, however, to condone a certain measure of judicious mendacity in a writer who undertakes the unpromising task of extracting from the personality and career of some dull mediocrity the material of a saleable and passably readable volume. What is not tolerable in works of this kind is their fatuous and undeviating fulsomeness. "Let us now praise little men" appears to be the working motto of their authors, whose idea of "appreciation" is limited strictly and exclusively to the colloquial modern interpretation of the term, and in whose view the conversion of geese into swans is the be-all and end-all of the biographer's legitimate function. In the vast majority of cases, the "appreciator" is a personal friend of his subject—and he is the kind of friend from whom anyone endowed with a sense of proportion and a distaste for being made supremely ridiculous might well pray earnestly to be saved.

The strange thing, however, is that, as a rule, the victims of this kind of treatment are the last persons in the world to resent it, or to recognise the absurdity of the position in which it places them in the eyes of all who are capable of taking anything like their true measure. Yet it appears less strange when we turn to contemplate the method of those who prefer to perform a like literary disservice for themselves; for, truth to tell, the pigmy autobiographer is apt to show an even more fatal facility in qualifying, on his own account, for the position of a general laughing-stock. In proof of this one has but to recall some of the volumes of bland egotism which have been poured forth by minor notorieties of sorts within recent years, with their elaborate triviality of personal detail, their fussy self-importance, and their dogmatic expressions of opinion upon all sorts of subjects only too obviously ill-digested and imperfectly understood—volumes which suggest the description of the four beasts in the Book of Revelation, in the respect that they are "full of 'I's,' both before and behind."

At the present rate, to remain un-"biographed," either by himself or another, will soon become, for the living celebrity, the highest mark of real distinction. As for the minor notorieties, it may be that in the near future the cinematograph will take over the business, and exhibit selected incidents in their more or less interesting careers. Their public would probably prefer such "living pictures" to the present printed records; and, in any case, literature would assuredly be the gainer.

## REVIEWS

## Religion, Life and History

*Letters of Lord Acton to Mary, Daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.* Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by HERBERT PAUL. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

IT is difficult to add much to what Mr. Herbert Paul, in his admirable introduction to these letters, has told us of Lord Acton. Still, as the essay is as much fair game to the reviewer as the letters themselves, we will endeavour to say something about both. Mr. Paul has given a masterly summary of the chief notes in Lord Acton's character—his zeal for Liberalism, his worship of Mr. Gladstone, his intense religious convictions, his cosmopolitanism, and his combativeness. Of the historian perhaps a little more might have been said, but, as the biographer points out, Lord Acton's contribution to history consists rather in example, influence, method and principle than in a legacy of printed volumes. In one of the letters before us we find, at the end of a criticism of Professor Seely, the humorously resigned reference, "See H of L, page 50,000." This "History of Liberty" was a work projected on a gigantic scale, of which nothing but the foundations remains. Lord Acton was all foundations; he might have built a palace on them, and he only made a small dwelling-house for himself to live in. His only monument is the "Cambridge History," of which, "so far as knowledge and power went . . . Professor Maitland is convinced that Lord Acton could himself have written all the twelve volumes." Not that his pen was idle—"the list of his anonymous articles fills more than twenty pages of an octavo volume"—nor that he was a niggard of his wisdom—"this man," says Professor Maitland, "was in truth a very spendthrift of his hard-earned treasure, and ready to give away in half-an-hour the substance of an unwritten book." But he had a lofty ideal, and was too earnestly engaged in following out the applications of his superb principles to be careful for his personal fame. In some respects his academical career presents a striking parallel with that of Professor York Powell, who filled the corresponding Chair in the sister university. Of either scholar the words of Browning's great poem might be quoted with singular appositeness:

This high man, aiming at a million,  
Misses an unit.

"The Grammarian's Funeral" is indeed the romantic version of Lord Acton's life.

The principles of this "high man" were not principles for the whole world; it is his method of observing them that makes them precious. He was an unwavering Gladstonian Liberal—one of a handful that kept on to the end where a multitude set forth; he was a Liberal Catholic—one of the rarest beings in an England of many opinions. He admits his singularity over and over again, notably in the following curious passage: "As I am the only Englishman still so besotted as to feel

Salisbury's presence in Downing Street exactly as I should feel Bradlaugh's at Lambeth, I will say nothing about my own sensations to a correspondent necessarily unsympathetic." To stand alone never troubled him, nor caused him to doubt his conclusions. It is curious in one whose most essential opinions—Catholicism and Democracy—both mean that truth is a chorus of many voices.

It is difficult in Lord Acton's case to separate religious from political or historical opinions. He was "deeply convinced that the history of religion lies near the heart of all history." He complains of "the great bulk of cultured men in our day" for thinking that "politics teach what is likely to do good or harm, not what is right and wrong, innocent or sinful." It was his particular grievance against Lord Morley. It should be remarked that, with Lord Acton, religion and morality were almost identical. Not that he was prepared to concede an inch of what he considered essential in Catholic truth, which did not, for him, include the Inquisition, the Jesuits, the Temporal Power, or—till his tongue was tied, though he had fought manfully to defer the moment—Papal Infallibility. His Catholicism was a hard saying for the many. And yet it was the object of his constant supervision. He says that a "man living in the world" is continually bound to test his principles, in order to preserve his sincerity, and lest "his faith run a risk of sudden ruin. . . . He must continually grub up the stumps planted by all manner of unrevised influence. The subtlest of all such influences is not family, or college, or country, or class, or party, but religious antagonism." It is this paradox of loyal conformity to at least two creeds—the one religious, the other political—combined with a conscientious independence that refused to harden into a mould, that marks Lord Acton as a man apart. On the political side the late Duke of Devonshire presents some features of resemblance. As an illustration of Lord Acton's inclusiveness, the following sentence is eloquent: "Assuredly Liddon is the greatest power in the conflict with sin, and in turning the souls of men to God, that the nation now possesses." It may be noted that the word "sin" recurs often in these pages, even where the subject is politics, undiluted, for the ordinary person, with religion. A great many of the letters deal with "John Inglesant," which the author finds very unsatisfactory.

Lord Acton's conception of history, as it appears in these letters, is a little baffling. He believes in the history of doctrines and principles. "This is my quarrel with Seeley. He discerns no Whiggism, but only Whigs. And he wonders at the mistakes of the Whigs when he ought to be following up the growth and modifications of their doctrine. . . . And my great complaint is that he so much dislikes the intrigues of 1688 that he does not recognise the doctrine of 1688, which is one of the greatest forces, one of the three or four greatest forces, that have contributed to construct our civilisation." It is another of his tremendous ideals. One man in a century might achieve it, but he must have Lord Acton's power of divorcing things from persons, and of distin-



guishing absolutely the good and bad in a person; he must be perfectly unsentimental. It is instructive to see what the idealist thought of actual and productive historians. Macaulay's Essays are "a key to half the prejudices of our age. . . . He is, I am persuaded, grossly, basely unfair." To Carlyle "one goes for literature, not for history. Nevertheless, I have given him to my children because he sets the brain on fire and is open to discussion." About Lecky he says "it is puerile to write modern history from printed books." He passes without comment the judgment of Fustel de Coulanges that Maine was "the first historian of our epoch," but reveals himself when he speaks of Bishop Stubbs, than whom "there is not a greater Tory in England, or a greater ornament to that perverse party," as "our greatest historian."

There is something almost startling in Lord Acton's reverence for Mr. Gladstone. We should be very near the truth, though we should seem at the same time to be convicting our review of a lack of proportion, if we said that at least one-half of this book deals with the great Minister, whom Lord Acton couples with Burke as the greatest of English statesmen. He follows every movement of his idol, and is at great pains to analyse and justify his veneration. And yet, as Mr. Paul remarks, if "no man admired Mr. Gladstone more, no man flattered him less." He found him too charitable, almost gullible; he attributed to pride the fact that he did not make use of his "direct personal influence" on politicians, which in any case was a defect. But what attracted him most in Gladstone was the heroic quality, which he found, or even looked for, in almost no one else.

Lord Acton's judgments on men and women were characterised by a most uncompromising directness. His answer to an invitation is amusing, though we do not know who were to be of the company. "I shall be delighted to dine in bad company on Thursday." He is scornful of Goschen's "international soul." Mérimée "was a bad man, and generally wrong; but few men ever wrote so well." A visit of Tennyson to the house at Tegersee inspires humorous forebodings, and the host has eventually to be "helped through" by a consideration of the poet's more human qualities. One writer stands on a pedestal almost as high as Mr. Gladstone's—George Eliot. But the convictions and uncompromising spirit of the man are most brilliantly revealed in the answer, quoted by Mr. Paul, to an apologist for Borromeo's cruelties, who pleaded for "allowance for the morality of the time"; Lord Acton's reply was, "I make *no* allowance for that sort of thing."

### The Modern Disciple in China

*How England Saved China.* By J. MACGOWAN.  
Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. J. MACGOWAN, the well-known missionary, has attempted the difficult task of writing a book with a frankly avowed purpose. That he has conspicuously succeeded, none who peruse his pages

with an impartial mind will deny. The author's aim has been to dispose of the argument so frequently advanced that the advent of the missionary in heathen communities has done little, if anything, to alleviate their lot. As far as China is concerned, he is entitled to speak with authority, for he has laboured continuously in that country throughout a period lasting over fifty years. The evidence he adduces in support of his case is concrete and conclusive. Some such work as that which he has given us was certainly needed at the present juncture. Injurious attacks upon missionary effort have become more and more frequent of late, and as a consequence the superficial view is widely held that the Christian apostle is a meddling intruder who produces upheaval amid ancient civilisations, and seeks to substitute in their place a system that, in practice, achieves no better results. Because occasionally his well-meaning activity has led to unfortunate incidents, involving riot and bloodshed, he has caused not a little embarrassment to diplomats; and by merchants and others residing in treaty ports, with whose interests he has come into conflict, he is looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance. That his class has been guilty of grave indiscretions from time to time is beyond question. Nevertheless, it may with reason be objected that among the foreign residents in China the missionary is not the only individual whose conduct now and again offends the susceptibilities of the Chinese, and it would indeed be a matter for surprise were no black sheep to be found in so large and so variously assorted a flock as that which Christendom has scattered throughout the East.

However inconvenient their presence may have proved in certain instances, Mr. Macgowan compels the conclusion that, had it not been for the devotion and self-sacrifice of missionary workers, the torture and suffering which traditional custom imposed upon the Chinese masses would have remained unalleviated. Even were we inclined to quarrel with his suggestion that the remarkable success thus achieved is directly to be attributed to the inspiration of the Gospel, and that without the acceptance on their part of this spiritual force the Chinese could not have been induced to change their ways, we are bound to admit that the author has presented one of the most convincing pleas in justification of the missionary that has yet been brought to our notice. Many readers, doubtless, will find his style, which exhibits much of the fervour, not to say exaggeration, of the revivalist, irritating almost beyond endurance; but if they are in search of truth, and can be persuaded to exercise a little tolerance, they cannot fail to enrich their store of knowledge, and incidentally to discover many illuminating sidelights on Chinese character. There is abundant justification for missionary effort in the three great reforms which it has initiated in China, and which are described in remorseless detail by Mr. Macgowan: the abolition of footbinding, the awakening of the public conscience to the sin of female infanticide, and the spread of medical science.



In regard to the movement against the cruel torture of footbinding, the author may be said to have been the pioneer. After many years of labour he and his wife persuaded the women converts of Amoy to form themselves into a society, the members of which were at first pledged to discourage the practice in so far as it affected young girls. Gradually, however, the adults themselves voluntarily consented to unbind their feet, a proceeding which, accompanied as it was by terrible agony, required almost superhuman courage. But physical courage was not the only quality needed for the upsetting of a custom generally accepted as having dated back to the Ts'i Dynasty (A.D. 497-501). For in China, at that time, footbinding was the one distinguishing mark of respectability. A Chinese woman said to the author:—

"Go down the streets and look in every home, whether rich or poor, and, with the exception of the slave women, you will not find a single one who has not got bound feet. I would not dare be the single exception in the great city, where, amongst my neighbours, I should be looked upon with ridicule and contempt. And, then, think of the fate of my poor daughter. She would be laughed at by her companions, and she would be despised by her neighbours, until her life would become a perfect misery to her."

Later Mr. Macgowan interested Mrs. Archibald Little in the movement, and he pays just tribute to the great part she played in bringing about the abolition of footbinding throughout the country.

Dealing with female infanticide, the author gives a gruesome picture of the state of affairs that existed before the mothers of China were taught to attach human value to their girl babies. As one of them said:—

"We women want sons, not girls; our husbands desire them, and so do our mothers-in-law. We bear sons, and then we are petted, and our position in the home is improved, whilst our dignity and our prestige become greater. The birth of a daughter brings discontent to everyone in the home. We are looked down upon, and words of congratulation that were ready to be lavished upon us had the son come, die away, and cold looks and contemptuous treatment are all that we get. Is it any wonder that we are more than content to get the child out of the way that has brought such disgrace upon us?"

Outside the city, with its 120,000 inhabitants, among whom Mr. Macgowan lived, was a sheet of sluggish water, a death-pool of innocents, which had become known as the "Babies' Pond." Protest against this diabolical custom produced little effect upon the conscience of the community. Then the missionary and his kindly wife sought to put in motion the force of example, and made it known that they would receive and care for infants that were not wanted. But the movement did not assume serious dimensions until it attracted the attention of a prominent man in the community, who, it is interesting to observe, was "a

pronounced heathen, and with ideals that were entirely Chinese." As a consequence of his efforts, a home for the rearing and nourishing of infants was established.

Outside the main entrance . . . was an immense fish, beautifully carved, and painted a bright red. The centre had been hollowed out of sufficient depth and width to act as a kind of cradle into which a baby could be laid. A wooden mallet hung conveniently by, and a few taps of this on the fish would cause an attendant, who was always on duty, to open a sliding window, and take in the little one, whilst the woman who had placed it in the cradle would vanish in the darkness of the night.

So the lives of thousands of children were saved, and some years afterwards the pond was filled in, and a hospital erected on the site.

While Mr. Macgowan, in his justification of missionary zeal, devotes his work almost entirely to describing the part that it has played in combating the forces of barbarism, he does not conceal his belief in the future of the Chinese race, and, like all writers having intimate knowledge of Chinese character, he is impressed with its kindly and sympathetic qualities. The paradox here suggested offers no new problem to the student of nations, for we find its historical counterpart in the modern development of countries far less remote than China.

## In Lighter Vein

*The European in India.* By H. HERVEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

It is a relief to read a book on India which is not full of politics, sedition, bombs, statistics, or historical facts. Such subjects do not interest the many persons who desire to know of Indian life, and "what goes on there." Life, it may be surmised, cannot, even in a hot country, consist altogether of serious business, and must have its lighter moments. This book by Mr. Hervey, a retired officer of the Indian Telegraph Department, supplies this want; it indicates the lives of Europeans, in typical cases, in the various situations which they fill in India. There is nothing heavy about it, though the narrative sometimes falls to commonplace, the obvious matter-of-fact. A curious precision of method in its composition is noticeable, which would have been better avoided. There are three parts, dealing respectively with men, women, and station incidents; each part consists of exactly twenty chapters, and of almost one-third the total number of pages: each chapter begins with a description, and generally ends with an anecdote, more or less amusing. Any number of people, returned exotics, as Mr. Hervey would call them, could produce such a book, on similar principles; but they fail to do so, and he deserves thanks for combining so much entertainment with the information he affords. The photographic illustrations are naturally correct in

detail, but they are inserted promiscuously, without reference to the context. The picture of the competitors at the Kadir Cup meeting—the annual pig-sticking event—is particularly remarkable, as there is no attempt at any description of sport throughout the book.

As an officer of an "uncovenanted" department—though the expression is a misnomer nowadays, for all officers are under a contract—Mr. Hervey displays constantly a jealousy of the superior position and pay of the Covenanted Service—that is, the Indian Civil Service officers who have gained their appointments by the severest competitive examination of the year. To him the I.C.S. man is always "the heaven-born," or "the bloated," and invidious comparisons are made between his pay and that of the other departments, whose members are not inferior in point of birth and breeding, and also have to pass competitive examinations, and to incur equal moil and toil. The comparison is altogether incomplete, as Mr. Hervey should know. The Covenanted Service is the governing body throughout India; its responsibilities are the greatest; its members are distinctly of higher calibre, as the requirements are more exacting than in the other Departments. To attract the best youth of England—and the very best are not attracted nowadays—the pay, prospects, and pension are fixed not unreasonably high; it would be an anomaly if the other Departments, manned by less capable officers, of whom less is required—he calls them insignificant drudges—were paid equally well, merely because they all work for an equal number of hours. By the same argument a County Court Judge should receive the same salary as a High Court Judge, or a Treasury clerk as a Secretary of State, which is absurd. This manifestation of jealousy is unreasonable. He is right in calling India the poor man's country; the tradesman's plea that "we don't come to India for our 'ealth, sir," is old and ever true. There is much pathos in his account of the loafer, the domiciled pensioner, and "perdita," who do no good to the community, but are the inevitable concomitants of civilised life under abnormal circumstances. In his three decades of service, the author has served "in various parts of that much-abused and still imperfectly known country," which may be some excuse for his extraordinary transliteration of some vernacular terms, which any tyro in language could expose. Nor has he acquired accuracy in his wanderings among many men and cities. For instance, he writes of Bombay as "indeed the premier city of the Indian Empire," having evidently forgotten, if he ever knew, that Calcutta has a larger population than any other city, and that King George himself, only about a year ago, said that Calcutta would ever remain the premier city of India.

In his general portraiture of persons and events, Mr. Hervey has steered a judicious course; the types are well brought out; the cap is not fitted to any known individual. It reminds the reader, in prose, of what that old book, "Curry and Rice," of sixty years ago,

displayed in pictures. Who has not often laughed over "The Station Spin," now subdivided into the various grades of the attached Miss, the unattached Miss, the old maid, the reigning and the *passée* belles? Who cannot recall the grass-widow, or the married woman with her subaltern bow-wow attached? Who has not benefited from the ability, readiness, and good nature of the "good all-round" woman? The stories about each and all are probable enough, and mostly to their credit. India evidently presents many opportunities for philandering, as well as for the development of character in both sexes. The chaff directed against the globe-trotter is fairly lenient: in the story told he was sharp enough to see that a tame monkey, dressed up and careering about a temple, was "no more a wild monkey than I am, and you're trying to pull my leg, so no more of your blarney." If the character of the uncharitable man is drawn from life, it may be hoped that the type is uncommon; a rich man who could behave as stated to a lady who had saved his life from cholera would deserve to be ostracised. The story of the Tommy who taught his parrot Joe to say "some decent words, so as to sell 'im," the words being "My sins are ever before me"—for which he had wrongly got credit from the chaplain—is well told. The tactful Miss Gurder, the greedy lady-doctor, the "good all-round" Chiffny, cricketer and motor-mender, the station dinner and picnic, the cholera, the wedding and funeral, all stand out as true to the life, and individuals may be recognisable. It is lamentable to read that in Bombay the English are no longer regarded "as members of a ruling race"; something radically wrong must have occurred there. If the prestige of "the European in India" is not acknowledged and maintained, it is an ominous sign for the future.

## A Coleridge Lamentation

*Memories.* By the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE.  
Illustrated. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE disadvantage of being the scion of a great and proud family is that your face is ever set towards the past. The author is above all things a *laudator temporis acti*. The grave holds all things beautiful and good. No longer are there any great men in our midst. The present age is decadent; Science is displacing Faith; so-called "enlightenment" is but the mask of ignorance. Such is the strain of his lamentation; and, indeed, such is it bound to be. For to one who candidly believes that the teaching of Darwin is rubbish, the doctrine of evolution an *inventio diaboli*, and all progress one step farther away from the blessed condition of angels which our ancestors in remote ages enjoyed, the growth of Science and the consequent uprising of the masses from the slough of ignorance, poverty, and misery must needs appear bad, and not good.

That Science is engaged in a ceaseless struggle to banish disease and misery, and ameliorate the lives of



countless millions of suffering men and women, a struggle involving the sacrifice of health, often of life itself, on the part of the despised scientists, counts for nothing in the eyes of one who regards the life of a fox-terrier as more precious than that of a million of his fellow-men. "The blight of a blind and sterilising worship of Science has crushed the uplifting song of the poets, darkened the vision of the seers, and silenced the magnificat of the Saints." Such an accusation borders upon that vulgarity which the author is at such pains to denounce. The logical conclusion of his reasoning is an unqualified approval of the Holy Inquisition and its methods. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

Defaced though it be by repeated and insensate attacks upon all that is best in our present-day civilisation, religious toleration, the search after truth at all costs, the growth of individualism, cleanliness, and temperance, the book contains much of interest. We do not agree with the author in regretting the loss of so much that is quaint and picturesque in our legal institutions. The place of vain pomp and ceremony is well filled by a greater regard for a speedy and impartial dispensation of justice. One of the crowning glories of the present generation is that it does not, like its predecessors, set form before substance. We do not agree—happening to have studied military history—that war "has been turned by science into a grotesque and brutal contest of cunning."

The author's sympathy with dumb animals—all praise be to him for it—would seem to have made him callous to the sufferings of human beings. In the absence of such an explanation it is impossible to conceive that any sane person could write of the unspeakably appalling horrors of bygone warfare as "glorious." Therefore, although Mr. Coleridge's "Memories" is full of interesting anecdotes and reminiscences concerning the more or less illustrious personages amongst whom the author has been fortunate enough to move, we have no heart to say more concerning them, feeling as we do the perversity of such an unqualified and blind attack upon all that is best in our lives and thoughts to-day.

The last chapter of the book is entitled "Tempora Mutantur." The author wisely refrains from adding the latter half of the line, which is obviously untrue concerning himself—*nos et mutamur in illis.*

## Shorter Reviews

*The Life of Benjamin Waugh.* By ROSA WAUGH.  
With an Introduction by LORD ALVERSTONE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

NOWADAYS the lives of so many men are written that even the inventor of a patent medicine stands a chance of biographical immortality. No excuse, therefore, need be put forward for offering to the public a record of the man who

founded the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Such a man deserves well of his country, for he belongs to the order of true patriots. This book shows Benjamin Waugh as a blameless character with a heart of fire. Although a Congregationalist minister, his humanitarianism raised him out of all denominationalist ruts, and above many limitations which usually beset a man in his position, and brought him into contact with men as widely diverse as Huxley and Cardinal Manning. In these times of almost fanatic child-culture it is amazing to read of the opposition which Waugh had to meet as recently as 1870. We have moved rapidly, indeed, since those days, thanks to the labours of men such as Waugh. To read how, from being an obscure member of the London School Board, he became secretary first of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and afterwards of the National Society, and of the work he did in these offices, is to realise how much one man with a sincere and passionate purpose can accomplish.

Mr. Waugh produced a certain amount of literary work which is not of any great importance from the purely literary point of view; but if a writing were to be judged by its effect in the realm of practical achievement, then some of his would rank high indeed. His book "The Gaol Cradle: Who Rocks It?" being a plea for the abolition of juvenile imprisonment, was a very powerful tract. Some of the reforms suggested in it were undoubtedly brought about by Waugh's advocacy. Those interested in social reform and the welfare of the child will find this a useful book; while, viewed merely as a biography, it will be interesting to the general reader.

*Frances Willard: Her Life and Work.* By RAY STRACHEY. With an Introduction by LADY HENRY SOMERSET. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

MR. STRACHEY tells us that he came to the task of writing Frances Willard's life as an outsider and a critic. He had thought that previous "lives" of Miss Willard were too laudatory; but his study of her character (he has never known her in the flesh) made him almost as worshipful as his predecessors. He has certainly produced a brightly written biography, which makes the reader regard Miss Willard with almost the same affection that inspired the author. The work should be opportune at a time when so much is written and spoken about women's questions.

The earlier pages of the book are interesting not only for the story of Frances Willard's younger days, but also for the picture of American life in earlier times—the 'forties and 'fifties, to be exact. The independent, madcap girl shown here is an unusually attractive figure, displaying a force of character which was prophetic of her powers of leadership in later days. There is more than a touch of romance in the accidental beginning of the Women's Temperance Crusade, and we are not surprised to find Frances Willard among the earliest agitators for the vote. Yet, with all the rough and tumble of public work that her later life involved,



she never lost her womanliness; she remained throughout her life a character of singular grace and virtue. Lady Henry Somerset's "impression," as she calls it, is an able summing up of the salient points in Miss Willard's personality.

One word of criticism: we counsel Mr. Strachey to be a little more careful of his language; he will not then be led into using that irritating colloquialism "to try and bring" (p. 18); nor into such a strange collocation of words as "the prospect behind," on p. 136. Otherwise, he has written an entertaining and valuable book.

*Entre Deux Révolutions: Une Famille Ecossaise en Languedoc.* (Emile Larose, Paris.)

THIS most interesting little brochure gives a glimpse of a section of the unfortunate Jacobite exiles after the catastrophe of 1688, when the voyage of their lives was irrevocably "bound in shallows and in misery." Incidentally, since the majority of the refugees were of northern extraction, we get more than one version of that inspiring picture—Mr. Barrie is our art critic—"A Scotsman on the make." The Lussans were also of *arriviste* tendencies. They failed in their principal ambitions because they were misguided enough to sail by the Jacobite star; still, the marriage of the heroine, if we may so call her, with a son of James II, seemed to have all the ingredients of a great success, and earned for her mother the undying hatred of Saint Simon, and the uneasy immortality of his pen. Curiously enough, this first marriage of Marie-Gabrielle d'Audibert de Lussan with the Duke of Albemarle was a marriage of pure affection. The same is true of her subsequent clandestine union with James Drummond, Duke of Melfort. The history of the Drummond family, with its twin dukedoms, its divided fortunes, and its gradual eclipse, is a very interesting document. The French Revolution did for the Lussans and the French Drummonds what the English Revolution had done for the Scotch Drummonds.

*Bulletin and Review of the Keats-Shelley Memorial,* Rome. Edited by SIR RENNELL RODD and H. NELSON GAY. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)

To all students of the literary history of the first half of the nineteenth century, when poetry was not written by the mile and cut off in lengths as needed, this volume will be valuable. If in some cases it descends to those peculiar details of habit and custom which seem to some of us quite negligible—such as "Keats' Last Bank Account," or "Keats' Roman Piano," we can forgive; certain worshippers must have any fact, however trivial, set on record about their idols. The book opens with an article by Mr. H. Buxton Forman, "How Shelley approached the Ode to the West Wind"—an extremely interesting study of rejected beginnings and perfected achievement. This, to us, is the best part of the long list of contents; but others may find pleasure and profit in the notes by various writers which bear upon the lives and the work of the two poets whose names are inseparable.

## Fiction

*Every Man's Desire.* By MARY GAUNT. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

SO far as the scenery and atmosphere of this book are concerned, the authoress has drawn very largely on her own experiences on the West Coast of Africa. An instance of this is her description of El Capo d'Oro, the old Dutch castle on the coast, in which the greater part of the story is set. She writes of West Africa in a thoroughly convincing style, and makes one feel the things of the country, its rain and tropical heat, and the impulses, far different from those of temperate zones, to which it gives birth. On the whole she knows West Africa as well as a man could know it, and that is saying a good deal.

Concerning the story, the protagonists are a man who married wrongly, Adam Ramsay, and a woman, Jane, who also married wrongly. The undesirable husband, Hugh Gresham, and the undesirable wife, Albertine Ramsay, fail to convince. Hugh is inconsistent beyond human limits, and Albertine is drawn without sympathy—the authoress has not accorded to her one redeeming characteristic, which proves that, although she may have acquaintance with the type, she has failed to understand it. Adam Ramsay is normal; Jane, the heroine, would be normal if she had a sense of humour, but that is lacking. The best figure in the whole book is Addie, the little Stepney trader, with whom we are in thorough sympathy from the moment he enters, and whom we recognise as a man worth knowing.

There is sufficient in the story itself to lift it out of the common ruck and stamp it as an arresting piece of work. Its authoress has an eye for detail, by means of which she accomplishes some of her best effects. The solution of the problem is weak, and in essence savours of melodrama, though in the telling there is nothing melodramatic, but rather a hint of fine tragedy. To one who knows the coast, the moral which the story is intended to convey is in a measure ineffectual, for the authoress has unintentionally emphasised the fact that now and for ever are "the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban," and, by reason of the way in which the book is written, that, for us, overshadows its main purpose.

*The Pearl-Stringer.* By PEGGY WEBLING. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

As a rule this authoress's work reminds us of studies in grey and quiet colours, and the present book is no exception to the rule. Here are chronicled no great deeds, no prominent people, no great vices or great virtues, but it seems after perusing the book as though the authoress would insist on the littleness of life, and point out to us the importance of little things. The careers of two girls, the pearl-stringer and her friend Rose, are traced, starting from shabby little Colet Street; the two temperaments are sufficiently diverse to make a complete picture, for Rose is passionate, impetuous, and not

too high principled, while the pearl-stringer is of the quietly virtuous and rather too familiar type, neither knowing nor doing wrong in any form. Yet Rose attained to happiness while her friend's desire was taken from her, and this, on reflection—the book is calculated to provoke reflectiveness—appears as though the authoress intended to point yet another moral, and that a rather depressing one, for she seems to say that, though virtue is its own reward, modified virtue pays better.

A number of minor characters provide amusement by the way, being exceedingly well sketched. We must consider all the male characters as of minor importance, for although Mr. Challis, the dentist, and Henry Rostron are called on to play the part of heroes, they never attain to the prominence which characterises the heroines. Other good portraits are those of the Tees and of Perth and Pill the variety artistes. These, however, must be considered good by comparison, for the book as a whole is too quiet, and concerns events of too trivial a nature, to produce a very deep impression. It is of interest, and no more.

---

*Minna.* By KARL GJELLERUP. (William Heinemann. 6s.)

THE artistry which was so evident in this author's "Pilgrim Kamanita" as to make that work deserving of a place in classic literature is apparent here, though to a less extent. The author has taken a very simple love story, one that ends in tragedy, and has invested it with the spirit of true romance, though the setting is commonplace and prosaic in the extreme. The characters also are commonplace. *Minna* is a very ordinary woman, Fenger is a very ordinary man, and Stephensen is just the natural unpleasant third for the spoiling of an idyll. The remaining characters range from commonplace to sordid—and yet the story itself is fine, one to rouse deep emotions, in spite of the fact that it suffers from translation, as must be the case when a story is rendered into a second language. For in this process the personality of the author is obscured by the personality of the translator, and we get the expression of two minds rather than of one.

What is most noteworthy about the book is the quality, more common with northern Continental than with English authors, of sombre intensity—a Hardy-esque grasp of the significance of little and perfectly natural happenings. The material here is slight, yet out of it the author has evolved a complex story, shadowed throughout by tragic inevitability; causes are trivial, results immense. The story as a whole is trivial, yet in the telling it is immense—never was there a more convincing illustration of the fact that manner rather than matter counts. Among the many translations of foreign authors with which this firm of publishers have enriched English libraries this book is deserving of a very prominent place.

*The Amateur Gentleman.* A Romance by JEFFERY FARNOL. (Sampson Low and Co. 6s.)

MR. JEFFERY FARNOL's latest romance will undoubtedly increase the wide circle of readers who welcomed so enthusiastically his previous works—"The Broad Highway," and "The Money Moon." In "The Amateur Gentleman" Mr. Farnol gives us six hundred pages of his best—pages full of ever varying incidents and characters equally diverse. In this respect the story is, in a sense, a *tour de force*; it reads like the work of half-a-dozen novelists, living and dead, so changeful are the writer's moods, and so much has he to tell. In this present volume he takes us back to the days of the Regency, and his description of that lively period is an intensely vivid one. Dandies and *grandes dames*, prize-fighters and Bow Street Runners, wounded soldiers and sailors from the Napoleonic wars, villains of high and low degree, and others, crowd his pages, with love scenes galore, occasional fights, night rides at breakneck speed, a steeplechase, a duel, a murder, and many other incidents too numerous to mention here thrown in. The story is reminiscent in parts of Mr. Farnol's two earlier ones, and the scene changes from his favourite Kent to London, and then back to Kent again. But these journeys end in lovers' meetings, as they should do, and the various happenings form very entertaining reading, the more so, perhaps, because many of them are so delightfully improbable.

---

## Foreign Reviews

### LA REVUE.

FEBRUARY 1.—The picturesque pen of M. Emile Hinzelin tells of the gypsies and tramps of France; he estimates their number at upwards of 400,000, and their cost per head to the community at 45 centimes a day. Dr. Max Nordau is diverting on the hobble-skirt and "la ligne comme éducatrice." M. J. Viénot publishes some manuscripts showing the part played by the Empress-Dowager, mother of Alexander I, in defeating Franco-Russian marriage proposals, and eventually the Napoleonic régime. M. Faguet contributes a humanised piece of Macaulay-Montgomery criticism.

February 8.—Count A. de Pourville goes deep into the question of half-breeds and mixed marriages in French colonies; in theory he considers that the question ought to be ignored—not in practice. M. Chuquet discusses the "Souvenirs de Guerre" (of 1870-1) of Adolphe Matthias, an eminent Prussian civil-servant and ex-corporal; he observes a certain disillusionment in the writer, who feels that the enthusiasm of 1870 will never be repeated in Germany. Count A. de Nesselrode gives a foretaste of his impending work, "L'Ame Russe." M. Faguet's subject is "Les Opinions et les Croyances" of Dr. G. le Bon. M. Mounier discusses the Lyonesse origin of "Guignol."



## LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

February 1.—The prison letters of Mme. Lafarge—Marie Cappelle—to her confessor are to be found in this and the following numbers. Her trial on a charge of poisoning her husband made a great sensation under Louis-Philippe, and many attempts were made to establish her innocence and to obtain her pardon. Some interesting specimens of marginal notes and translations from Menander, by Racine, are supplied by M. Plan. M. Halévy's English History, noticed some while ago in THE ACADEMY, is commended by M. Davray.

February 16.—M. Champault continues his delightfully hypothetical essays in Homeric geography: the country of the Laestrygonians is at Porto Pozzo, in Sardinia, the Isle of Circe is Pianosa, an island near Elba, and so on. The "Portraits Graphologiques" include Mme. Lafarge and M. Bergson.

## LA REVUE BLEUE.

January 25.—M. Paul Flat rhapsodically hails the presidency of M. Poincaré, and, in pointing his moral, pours scorn on "l'insuffisance intellectuelle de la moyenne parlementaire." M. Camille Julian's admirable lecture on "la nation," as a truer historical conception than "la race," is concluded. M. Picavet begins an essay on some of the sources of Lutheranism.

February 1.—Passages of Emerson's diary, dealing, *inter alia*, with the Revolution of 1848, and exhibiting new-born French sympathies, are given. M. Fournol is very interesting on the Balkan crisis, especially with regard to the position of Austria. M. Flat is very optimistic about the new generation of Frenchmen. "Les causes de la dépopulation," exclaims M. P. Gaultier, in a striking article, "il n'y en a qu'une: la restriction volontaire"; and he proceeds to inveigh against the French law of inheritance, which is apt to be extolled in English periodicals.

February 8.—The second and most delightful is given of three articles by a Constantinopolitan lady on her native city. M. Ph. Gonnard discusses Benjamin Constant and his collaborators on the *Minerve*, a Liberal review of the Restoration.

February 15.—M. de Monzie, deputy, attacks the budget with considerable vigour; it is strange to find him recommending English examples, and then writing such words as these—"La commission du budget n'a peut-être pas aperçu toutes ces répercussions dont elle n'aurait pas manqué d'avoir souci. Elle est optimiste par tradition et par fonction. Elle se refuse à croire aux fuites de capitaux . . ." etc. M. Flat, *à propos* the exhibition at the Pavillon de Marsan, has an appreciation of M. Forain. M. Languier gives the soundest of criticisms on the Parisian "You Never Can Tell."

## L'ACTION NATIONALE.

The February number contains an interesting article by "XXX" on the powers of the French presidency, which, originally defined with a view to a monarchical restoration, have adapted themselves to Republican con-

ditions, but are still so elastic that they may mean nothing or much. M. Bellom analyses the English super-tax. M. Deslinières pleads for African colonisation as likely to arrest the fall of the birth-rate. General Lebas gives the history of physical and military training since the Revolution, and asks for more efficient organisation.

## LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

January 25.—M. Roustan notices M. Lanson's account of his experiences in America, under the new 'échange de professeurs' policy, and the free-hand literary studies of MM. Bourget, Giraud, Cochin, and Bordeaux. Herr Müller's book on the sources of the Iliad is criticised, and M. Bastide seizes an opportunity to commemorate the late Professor Arber.

February 1.—M. Bastide reviews many books, including the ninth volume of the Cambridge History of English Literature and M. Halévy's "Histoire du Peuple Anglais," reviewed lately in THE ACADEMY.

February 8.—M. Biovès deals with a number of books on the European situation. Herr Bloch's work on the German Kurfürstentum is reviewed.

February 15.—Many classical editions and commentaries are noticed by M. Thomas; books on art and travel by M. de Curzon.

## LA SOCIÉTÉ NOUVELLE.

The most interesting item in the January number is an article, in which original documents are used and quoted, on "Le Souper des Jacobins;" this Thermidorian play, after being performed in Paris, had varying fortunes at Brussels, where the Government tried to suppress it, and where it nearly led to an insurrection. M. Soubeyran writes a debating article on Land-Nationalisation. In the "Chronique Sociale" we are made acquainted with M. Hervé's latest views; he is, it seems, a "militariste révolutionnaire" nowadays.

## LES LANGUES MODERNES.

This little monthly review is distinguished by a simplicity and sincerity that extends its appeal to a far wider circle than that to which it is primarily addressed. There is in it no horror of the oft-repeated truth; thus, in the January number, a writer is at some pains to point out that every living language is a dualism—a spoken and a written language. The matters treated of are largely controversial; for instance, the utility of Spanish and the employment of the dictionary, whether in one language or two, are among the points discussed, the latter in more than one place; even the perennial debate about the necessity of Latin is continued by M. Lallemand. M. d'Hangest gives an excellent little review of recent English literature.

Among modern illustrated papers, *The Amateur Photographer* has long occupied a prominent position. The Empire number, the special spring issue of this excellent journal, is now on sale, and is a production brimful of interest for every camera-user the world over.



## Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) of February 12 suggests that the Indian Legislative Councils should limit their discussions in February-March to financial debates and postpone Resolutions and Bills to other seasons. Such a redistribution might regulate the stream of journalistic copy, but this is not the only or dominant consideration. Budgets must be passed in March, and the convenience of the Government and Councillors must be consulted, as in England. Councils were not established for the interests of journalism. The references to the Public Services Commission—which has already done much mischief in India—contain a grumble that Bengali public opinion has not had a full hearing. Certain leading Indians have declined to give evidence. A proposal is quoted that the Native States should provide 200,000 soldiers to the Indian army. So many are not wanted in peace. The writer overlooks the guiding principle in India that the native troops must not be more than double the number of British troops, who are about 75,000. On the question of the Naval Defence of India, to which that country contributes only £100,000 a year, the Editor objects to an increase, because India pays twenty-one millions for her army, whereas the Dominions pay less than four millions for both their land and sea forces. He begs the whole question in pleading "the comparatively little interest we have in maintaining a Navy of our own," and urges that England's object is to preserve her own naval supremacy apart from India. A paper on the Physical Degeneration of the Educated Indian refers to some of its causes, but contains nothing new or useful.

The *New Monthly* (Madras) for last December and January is still a young periodical, more literary than political or general. Again, for the thousandth time, the poetry of Matthew Arnold, Tennyson and his friends, Shakespeare, are subjects of papers which, it may be feared, few will read, as also those on James Allen, Humanity, and Musings in Solitude. Life is not long enough for works of inferior literary merit, which are neither profound nor humorous. The references to books are more useful. Benares, as the sacred Hindu town, must always be interesting. The writer of "The Essentials of Hinduism" admits that Hinduism is an unmeaning word in itself, and that it is a Herculean task to define the countless faiths and creeds of the millions passing as Hindus. A landowner considers it the duty of the leaders and well-wishers of India to provide education free and compulsory, if the Government fail to do so. This would solve a problem hitherto found impossible. A repentant Maharaja confesses (with amazing candour) the iniquities perpetrated by himself and his servants "monsters in human form. It was our boast that we had committed every offence, natural and unnatural." This booklet is recommended by the Editor to all reflecting minds.

The (Calcutta) *Collegian and Progress of India* (No. 2 of January) testifies again to the advances being made

by education throughout India. A mere enumeration of the following projects which have attained various stages of development—some are still only under consideration—shows this, namely, the establishment of a University at Patna, a United first Grade College for Women in Madras, the education of the depressed classes, such as the Criminal Tribes, Mochis and Chamars, in the Panjab, the education of the domiciled community. Again, lectures on science, including plant autographs and biological research, the conferring of honorary degrees at Calcutta in the Faculties of Art and Science, the opening of the new laboratories at the Calcutta Presidency College, prove the regard paid to science. It is a new departure for a Maharaja Holkar of Indore to preside and speak at a prize distribution of the Poor Children's Institute at Bombay, and urge the need for the extension of education among all classes in the country. This journal contains some interesting notes, from a contributor, of educational proceedings in the United States, America, and mentions the expedition to explore the Amazon now being undertaken by the University of Pennsylvania. The papers on Psychotherapeutic cults (Christian Science, Mind Cure, New Thought), the Literature of the Romantic Age, the Influence of Poetry in Human Life, Town and Country Life, and the Life of an Eminent Indian supply the solid and varied matter, for which this journal is always remarkable.

The *Rajput Herald* (London) of February has a careful character sketch of the Maharaja of Bikanir, an eminent Rajput chief, aged thirty-four, well-known in London and official circles. Such enlightened rulers of these great Rajput States are bulwarks of British rule in India. In "India's Place in the British Empire" India is again treated as indispensable to the Empire; better treatment of Indians by the Colonies, equal facilities, equal rights, liberties, and privileges for Indians throughout the Empire, no exclusion and intolerance, are demanded. Such pleas have been advanced before. They are only a part of the question. Nothing is said of the economic and Imperial difficulties in solving it. The ideal solution may be admitted. The Colonial objections cannot be ignored. The "Curse of the East" is said to haunt Japan, Persia, and China, in the imitation of Western political institutions and the hankering after commercial superiority. Like other suggestions of young essayists, the criticisms only partly cover the ground; much more might be said of the defects of moral character. It is unusual to find an Indian opposing the movement for "Universal Compulsory Education," for which Mr. Gokhale and others have pressed. Mr. Coomaraswamy fears that such education will not mean something gradually evolved, under Indian conditions to meet India's needs, but a reflection of the English board-school, to the elimination of indigenous culture. His proposed remedies are somewhat drastic, that half the (increased) education grant should be spent on reformed Universities, and the other half on Indian art and craft (*sic*), particularly architecture and music, and that education should be free from executive control. Such

freedom would soon lead to chaos and quarrels. This is another case of a practical problem being only half understood and stated. English financiers will learn little from "the Right Fiscal Policy for England." It is another attack, without much force, on the effect of Free Trade on Indian Trade. The reviews of books in this journal mention works which might otherwise have escaped notice. Granting the Indian point of view, apparently unavoidable in such a journal, current Indian ideas are well reproduced in the *Rajput Herald*.

### Some New French Books

**M.** DE FLEURIAU, author of "L'Activité Réfléchie," after keen observation, concluded that those who succeeded best were not necessarily the most intelligent, the most erudite, or the most gifted, but those who voluntarily weighed the reason of each one of their actions.

This point once established, he was struck by the fact that no one gives enough thought to the present time—a lack of reflection due to many causes, the chief of which is the rapidity with which modern life evolves. M. de Fleuriau deplores that in French schools the children are taught especially history; they are therefore obliged to think chiefly about the past. Or, if they are initiated to philosophy, their attention is forced to concentrate itself on mere hypothesis. Consequently, they are never taught to reflect on real facts, and their personal initiative is but rarely encouraged or developed. Frenchmen excel, according to him, in conjectures and subtle deductions; but in the majority of cases they are incapable of viewing the practical side of life.

M. de Fleuriau has tried to determine which are the laws which should rule the interior life of a Frenchman of action. He has proved them to be both intellectual and practical. The chief rule a modern man of action should be guided by is the following: Know exactly what you want—and do it, or obtain it, as the case may be. The author of "L'Activité Réfléchie" was confirmed in this opinion by the following phrase Mignet wrote in connection with an appreciation of Richelieu: "Il eut l'intention des grandes choses qu'il fit." On the strength of this assertion, M. de Fleuriau declares that it is very rarely those who abandon themselves to spontaneity who succeed in life. The persons who attain the highest situations, whatever be the different stations Fate has placed them in, are those who reflect on the cause and consequence of their slightest action. He recommends his compatriots not to specialise in any way. They must not reflect on things from the mere point of view of their profession. They must try to become both free and sceptical; it is only when they have attained a perfect liberty of thought and scepticism that their interior life will be of real benefit to them.

M. de Fleuriau concludes wittily by saying that he does not pretend to give lessons to anybody, but examples. He tells us simply to reflect more often on

the present, also strongly advises each one of his readers to adopt a personal rule of meditation. His work is most interesting; it is simply written; the theories he extols are expounded with remarkable clearness—which amply proves that the author of "L'Activité Réfléchie" applies to himself the ideas he expounds for the benefit of his contemporaries.

Among other recent French books worthy of notice is M. Franz Toussaint's translation of the *Gulistan* of Saâdi of Chiraz. "Le Jardin des Roses" is preceded by a preface due to the ever-fertile pen of Madame la Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles. The author of "Les Eblouissements" has devoted all her lyrical and descriptive faculties to the not ungrateful task of presenting Saâdi to the French public. There is almost as much—if not more—Persian *couleur locale* in her preface than in the pages due to the Poet-Sage of Chiraz himself. Botanical descriptions abound, as well as many details pertaining to the realm of physical geography. Could not the venerable Saâdi have affronted his French public without the aid of such rather cheap Orientalism?

Saâdi is the most accommodating of moralists, if in certain chapters he preaches the vanity of life and of all earthly things; in others he vaunts the joys of the voluptuary, and the wisdom of forgiving an injury. But he writes with so much grace, with so delicate a choice of words, with such exquisite metaphors, that, far from feeling shocked, or of resenting his liberty of thought and language, one is charmed by the infinite poetical qualities revealed in each of his sentences. M. Toussaint, who last year published a remarkable translation of "Le Jardin des Caresses," has cleverly transplanted into Latin soil the marvellous flowers that bloom in the Persian garden of Saâdi of Chiraz.

The number of historical works published recently has been considerable. "Légendes et Curiosités de l'Histoire," by Docteur Cabanès (Albin Michel, 3f. 50), is among the best. In it are solved some interesting historical problems until now enveloped in mystery, which, if romantic, were unsatisfactory for those who, above all, love to see clearly the lives of their predecessors. This work will amuse many by the number of curious illustrations and documents it contains.

"La Conversion d'un Sans-Culotte," by Eugène Defrance (Mercure de France, 3f. 50), throws some new and interesting side-lights on the French Revolution, and on the History of Art in the eighteenth century. The author shows us Gabriel Bouquier, who, if he was not actually one of the leading figures of the revolutionary period, was at least worthy of notice. Besides being a politician, Bouquier was almost simultaneously a painter, a philosopher, an economist, an art critic, a materialist, a didactic poet, and a *chansonnier*. He left nine volumes of writings, which reveal their compiler as "an ardent sentimentalist, and a speculator on idealism"; and no task could be more interesting than to analyse, thanks to M. Eugène Defrance's carefully and brightly written work, the moral tribulations of this original silhouette of a French member of the National Convention.

MARC LOGE.



## Animals We Laugh at.

BY F. G. AFLALO.

ACCORDING to M. Bergson, laughter is "a froth with a saline base," which means, if it means anything, that through all laughter there runs an under-current of malice, and that to laugh with a man it is also necessary to laugh at him, like the man of whom Horace wrote, "*Dummodo risum executiat sibi. . .*" Yet he who loves laughter for its own sake, caring little whether his neighbours laugh with him or at him, so that they laugh, will, unless I am much mistaken, find a measure of nonsense in the Frenchman's dogma. Nor is everyone likely to agree with his verdict that we laugh at a red nose because it suggests paint, or at a negro because his face looks as if it had been done over with burnt cork. This is not how the negro looks in discriminating eyes, since over and above the blackness of him, which might conceivably be acquired artificially, there are the negroid features and the woolly hair. No; our laughter, unless it be merely that which was long ago compared to the crackling of thorns under a pot, is wholly a matter of association between the appearance of a red nose or a negroid physiognomy and certain characteristics which may excite our mirth. If I laugh at a red nose, it is certainly not because it suggests red paint, but because it amuses me as the facial symbol of either dyspepsia or drunkenness, and, although there may be nothing essentially mirthful in either the complaint or the vice, there is something humorous in the law which compels a man to advertise his failing by the hue of his nose. Were I ever to laugh at a negro, it would be because his type immediately reminded me of the grotesque antics and ludicrous syntax of these men of ebony. As a matter of fact, I find less to laugh at than to weep at in this unfinished human being, the most tragic figure in all modern history. So, too, we laugh at a very fat man; sometimes also, though less heartily, at a very ugly person, or at one who squints or stammers. In such laughter, perhaps, Bergson's "saline base" is recognisable, yet it is as often free from malice and inspired rather by a feeling of pity mingled with gratitude for affording us amusement.

Perhaps the truest test of this fallacy of rancour in laughter is provided by the case of such beasts and birds as, either by their physiognomy in repose or their behaviour in action, move us to merriment. There are animals at the Zoological Gardens which it is impossible to look at without laughing. They are even more irresistible than the statuette known as "Billikins," which claims to provoke mirth even in a grave-digger.

Consider for a moment the face of the hippopotamus, the owl and the pelican; the grotesque deportment of the King penguin; the calisthenics of cranes; the begging antics of hungry bears; the terribly human expression and personality of the apes. No one without the professional equipment of a butler could look on any of these and forbear from laughter. The ugliness of the hippopotamus, with the little fiery eyes twinkling

over the cavernous mouth, is irresistible, and, as if a face unique in its confusion of perspective were not enough to inspire laughter, there is the body, as broad as it is long, to give the animal its place among the grotesques of the wilderness. The ridiculous appearance of the owl is appreciable only in captivity, when we can watch the bird blinking in the full glare of daylight at an hour when, under natural conditions, it would be hidden from sight in some old trunk. At night time the owl, though it may mope, must be a very terrible reality to the mice it preys on and can inspire little enough laughter in its neighbours. The pelican, on the other hand, with its clumsy and unbirdlike build and the great yellow pouch that seems to hang, like an angler's basket, round its neck, is always sure of its tribute of laughter; and even more ludicrous is that typical bird of the Antarctic, the King penguin, which moves with a ridiculous gait suggestive of immense dignity. Needless to say, the penguin, though it appears to throw out its chest and walk with the deliberate air of a personage, has no sense of its own importance, but merely behaves as the exigencies of life on the southern ice have taught it. We laugh, therefore, at something which we think we see, but which has no existence. We unconsciously humanise our penguin and laugh at the illusion.

The absurdity of the cranes is in their dancing. At rest, they are merely tall and graceful fowl, suggestive of ricefields and swamps, but when in the mood they go through exercises incredibly reminiscent of figures in the old quadrille. I have watched them dancing round a swamp in Queensland with the gravity of those taking part in a royal minuet, and however these sexual displays, as they are supposed to be, may appear to them, they are irresistibly funny in human eyes. A restful bear suggests nothing beyond symbolism of weight and strength, but there is nothing for it but to laugh when those in captivity sit back, or stand erect, and open their thick-lipped mouths for buns. All the dignity of strength deserts them then, and they are no more than greedy clowns, being even more ridiculous when they occasionally turn somersaults, as street Arabs revolve in the hope of reward. Perhaps, however, the most mirth-provoking animals at the Zoo are the anthropoid apes, for the gap between ourselves and the orang-utan or chimpanzee is sufficiently wide to enable us to ignore the tragedy of our relationship, which in the case of the negro is unforgettable. Every human expression may be seen on the face of the chimpanzee: anger, perplexity, cunning, contentment. Yet it is certain the spectacle of a human being in that cage would be anything but laughable, and it would task the analytical powers of M. Bergson to explain exactly what we find to laugh at in the "poor cousin."

There is another sense which may occasionally be tickled by the humorous side of animals, but, on the whole, their voices are not intrinsically comical. There are, it is true, people who may laugh immoderately at the sudden sound of a parrot's scream, but there is no actual reason for anything but annoyance. Nor is there

anything infectious in the so-called "laughing" of gulls. We know, or ought to know, that the birds are not, however the sound of their cry may suggest such a mood, laughing at all. If we contemplate the life of the average gull, homeless during a great part of the year, storm-tossed, buffeted by wind and wave, imperfectly provided with food, and a creature of some of the most desolate scenes in all Nature, we find that the bird has little enough cause for laughter. We may laugh at it, but we can never be sure of laughing with it, for its laughter is tragic, and suggests the old French saying, "Ce n'est pas être bien aisé que de rire"!

## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

**P**HILOSOPHERS have never yet made up their minds whether it is better to be optimistic or pessimistic.

On Wednesday, March 19, Jack Seely gave us a long speech introducing the Army Estimates in which everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. He is a good-looking man, alert, slim, and well dressed. He made no pretensions of making a speech—he just amiably told us as much as he thought fit and kept the House interested for a long time. He did not say the last button on the last gaiter had been sewn on, but implied there were very few gaiters left to overhaul.

The Press and the public had been attacking the Government for being behindhand in aerial navigation. Not a bit of it. We had profited by the expensive mistakes of other nations, and had come up hand over hand; in fact, we had the finest aeroplane in the world.

All this had been done behind closed doors and high walls. The word had gone forth not that there should be a Press censorship, but that there should be no Press at all.

He was pleased to present the House with an Easter Egg containing a complete Royal Flying Corps, consisting of 126 officers and 680 men. Last year the Army had only 17—to-day they possessed 101, and in two months' time would have 148 flying machines.

He described desperate deeds of derring-do performed by the corps. His machines were not only practised flying fast, but flying slow. They flew in gales, they flew against the wind, and after flying 36,000 miles in 670 hours they had not lost a life.

He did not believe in Zeppelins, and did not propose to make any. He laughed at the idea of a foe dropping bombs into the arsenal where we kept our ammunition. We did not keep all our eggs in one basket. They had discovered how to point guns at an aerial target at an unknown height, so that no airship could with safety hover over an army in the daytime. As to night—if we cannot see an airship, how can they see us?

The audience, charmed with his revelations up to this point, here began to mutter dissent. This sounded nonsense. Well, not to see a target, said Seely, hurriedly.

The Minister for War wound up by announcing Mr. Balfour had consented to join a sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence to consider the new state of affairs brought about by the progress of aerial navigation.

The speech was so novel and contained so much new matter that the Opposition did not feel inclined to criticise much until they knew more about it and had thought it over.

George Wyndham, ever ready, wanted a great many more aeroplanes—300 at least. Munro-Ferguson, an old-fashioned Liberal, wanted compulsory physical training in our schools, whilst Major Guest, another Liberal, said that if the Trade Unions did not take more interest in the Territorials compulsory service would come to stay.

There were a number of short speeches and endless suggestions for the encouragement of men to join the Army. More jobs for old soldiers in the Civil Service and other things to tempt the artisan and the general labourer. Seely was as sympathetic as he had been optimistic, but the Treasury stood in the way.

Thursday was a short day, and the attendance was, to say the least of it, meagre. On the Wednesday Rufus Isaacs had admitted he had bought 10,000 shares in the American Marconi Company, and sold 1,000 each to his two intimate friends, Lloyd George and Alec Murray, the late chief Whip. It is true they all lost money, but the House was profoundly moved, especially after the definite and all-embracing denial that members had not, and never had had, any dealings in the Marconi Company. It was now explained that they meant the English company.

Bonar Law asked the Prime Minister if he would make a statement. I could see that Asquith was prepared for this. I know his face so well that I could see he meant to bluff it out. He said it was not his duty, but he did not mind answering any questions.

Bonar was firm. He had hoped his right honourable friend would have taken a different view, and to give him time to consider the matter he would repeat the question later.

"What is later?" snapped Asquith.

"Tuesday," said Bonar Law promptly, and the matter dropped.

The House uncovered when Mr. Asquith moved a vote of condolence with the Greek Royal Family and nation on the assassination of the late King. Most people said Asquith was not as good as usual. He read what he said, whilst Bonar Law in a few simple phrases seemed to touch the members more.

We then got to work on the Army. Tennant, the mild little brother-in-law of the Prime Minister, was in charge. I felt rather sorry for him. Seely had been batting brilliantly all day yesterday, and now Tennant had to defend the wicket from bowlers who had got used to the pitch. "Polly Carey" was certain we had not enough horses. Ivor Herbert, who usually sits among the Labour men for some reason best known to himself—some say that, like Balfour, his legs are so long he must



be on the front bench, even if it is below the gangway—accused the National Service League of persuading men not to join the Territorials.

Sir Charles Henry had a scheme of his own, which for a Radical was somewhat surprising. He wanted a sort of Feudal system like the one William the Conqueror established, but in the place of the barons supplying so many men, the boroughs should do so. The House laughed, although I thought there was a good deal in the idea; but Henry had not given enough thought to his speech—he had not worked out the details. Arthur Lee, as a skilled tactician who knows what he is talking about, riddled Seely's speech of yesterday. He evidently thought pessimism was a much better frame of mind for a War Minister than optimism when the whole of Europe is an open powder magazine. He called Seely's attitude frivolous optimism and self-congratulation. The 101 aeroplanes were whittled away. Some of them appear to be dangerous—in fact, to-day's debate showed that Seely's optimism was hardly justified. Nothing is so annoying to a man to be told by his secretary that he has a good balance at his banker's, and then to find out that it is not there.

To change the metaphor, we went over the ground picking up the sticks of Seely's brilliant rockets of the day before, and found they were not quite of the Brock or Pain brand.

The House separated for Easter in a thoughtful and chastened mood. On the whole the House likes the truth, neither optimistically or pessimistically, but judiciously put. We had an uneasy feeling that this had not been done.

The Government saved a day by insisting upon us meeting on Easter Monday, but, as I shall probably want all the space available for the next day, I shall say little about it. Outside, in the Lobby, nothing was talked about but the approaching examination of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Attorney-General. The attitude of the Radical Party (and the harsh words said) was recalled when Chamberlain was accused of having an interest in Kynochs, and the case of a late Unionist Secretary of the Treasury, whose conduct was, some think, harshly commented on by a Judge, with a result that he resigned.

Inside the House dullness reigned. At one time Fred Banbury pointed out that, if a division could be taken of the men in the Chamber only, the Government would be beaten by two, although there were but eight Unionists present.

In the evening "Jix" resumed the attack on Seely, and compared some of his aeroplanes to tomtits.

On Tuesday last, Archer-Shee, with a white, stern face, questioned the P.M.G., whose sallow complexion, I noticed, went a dull red, with regard to the poor little subordinate official who had been reduced in rank for daring to make or lose £30 in a Marconi speculation. Samuel refused to reconsider his case, which was not on all fours with "the other case." "No," commented Archer-Shee bitterly, "he had not the advice of the managing director of the Marconi Company as to the

best—" The rest of the sentence was lost in a fierce derisive cheer which made the Front Bench wince; and Whitley, who was in the chair, stopped further comment by mildly remarking, "That is a matter for argument."

Bonar Law, after questions, said that, as it had been announced that the three Ministers would be examined at once, he would again defer putting his question on the subject to the Prime Minister, who grunted approval of the course suggested.

Colonel Weston, the Free Trade victor at Kendal, received a tremendous ovation from all parts of the House—in fact, Government and Opposition seemed determined to outdo each other in the warmth of their welcome.

"Why are you cheering?" I asked a well-known Tariff Reformer. "Because he is another nail in the Government coffin," was the determined reply.

In the House we discussed Persia, and Edward Grey was hopeful that the Balkan war would soon come to an end. Asquith was more ruminatory—if it doesn't, the time has arrived when—

But the nearer Eastern question has faded into insignificance before the Marconi business. Men could not keep away from Committee Room No. 12, where the Attorney-General was being examined and cross-examined. I do not mind confessing I sneaked up there myself. I had heard much of the examining powers of Mr. Falconer, but I confess I did not think much of his examination in chief, and he certainly did not do his friend much good. His questions were all leading, and put in an exasperatingly slow and hesitating way.

Rufus displayed the patience of an angel, and in a straightforward way made short cuts with his answers, offering a great deal more than was asked or required. George Faber was no good. Bob Cecil was courteous, but deadly. Rufus, who has cross-examined so many, was now to feel the sensation himself, and he had to admit that he did get some advantage in buying the shares before the market opened—in England.

When I went down again, the House was discussing the iniquities of the system of taxation under the Finance Act of 1909-10, and cases of incredible hardship were given, but all to no purpose. The Finance Act shared the fate of foreign affairs. People could talk or think of nothing else but Marconi—in groups in the lobbies, over the dining-tables, in the smoking-rooms, and round the fire in the cloak-room.

---

Mr. Frederick Harrison's new production at the Haymarket Theatre is a play of Japanese life in Paris. Its hero is a young Japanese who, in the guise of a student, is carrying out an important political mission. He becomes entangled in the wiles of a Parisian demi-mondaine, and the passion in which he is caught provides the central situation of the play. Mr. Laurence Irving plays "Takeramo" and Miss Mabel Hackney "Hélène," the temptress. The evening of April 2 is fixed for the first performance.

## The Theatre

### Mr. Forbes-Robertson at Drury Lane

IT is admittedly a little puzzling to sit and watch a farewell performance of an actor whose mien is more distinguished than ever, whose voice is not less silvern, and whose powers seem unabated. It is, to be true, only a farewell so far as London is concerned; and we may divine, perhaps, that the cause may be found in the fact that London viewed with somewhat scant regard his earlier endeavours to win its ear with work among the noblest. It will turn out with far greater readiness to the sentimental call of a farewell season than it will to noble artistic effort. There could be no doubt, at least, of the success of that sentimental call at Drury Lane on Saturday, when Mr. Forbes-Robertson gave his distinguished interpretation of Hamlet. The house was filled throughout, and each curtain fall was made the signal for an ovation.

In all essential details he has kept his conception of the character the same. Indeed, that is the particular quality of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's acting. He goes into the field knowing precisely what he shall do. There are no places left for the sudden passion, the winged inspiration of the moment. He does not leave it to the gods, or his own reverberate mood, to send through his brain a moment's interpretation that shall amaze him as much as it amazes the spectators. It is for this reason that he is spoken of as our leading classical actor. It is a loose affixing of adjectives, for the king of the "classicists," after all, is *Æschylus*, and he can scarcely be spoken of in this cool and clearly defined way. It is more to the point to say that Mr. Forbes-Robertson will not trust a synthesis of character that he cannot embrace with one consecutive effort of his intellect, in contradistinction to the actor who will dare contradictions, trusting to make them consistent in the passion of a conception he but dimly divines. In the case of Hamlet, crammed as the prince is with a mass of emotions that war with each other, and in their jangling break the outward peaceable form of his reason, the latter method would seem to be the obvious one, though admittedly the more exacting and exhausting. For example, the famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," is not a grave contemplation. No man complains of

. . . the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes . . .

peacefully; and especially not a man who has already given indication of brain-storms that have afflicted him. Incidentally, also, we could find fault with Mr. Forbes-Robertson's method of coming in gesticulating, and then giving the soliloquy sitting. If the sorrow is not all vocal on the stage, none of it should be vocal. It surely cuts at

the very meaning of soliloquy (which we are coming back to see as a very part of dramatic content) that the beginning of it should be in gesticulation, and the remainder in the dramatist's medium of speech. Moreover, if we could get at the actors' prompt books for the Globe Playhouse we should probably find that Hamlet first has his suspicions aroused when he breaks from verse into prose with "Well, well, well." Yet, as against that, there was the tenderness towards Ophelia that, if rather too deliberate, was very finely characteristic of Hamlet. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's reading of the speech "I am myself indifferent honest" is not the customary one, but it is excellently just.

That, in fact, is the characteristic of the whole interpretation. In no other interpretation of that part that we have seen is the innate nobility of Hamlet, the highly sensitive honour, the lovable chivalry and tenderness of the man, given so true a touch. It is that very tenderness and chivalry that make the coarse words to Ophelia in the play-scene so tragical, avouching as they do the ruin of his mind in the circumstances that at one time baffle his wit and harrow his sense of the nobility of men, and especially of women. By eliminating those words, as they always are eliminated now, that central tragedy is lost. But the fact that creates the central tragedy remains, and is the distinctive note of the whole interpretation. There is a touching beauty about it; and in that we do not allude to the physical qualities of the actor (about which so much is justly, if scarcely delicately, said), but to the intellectual and emotional qualities he brings to his part. It is most certainly an interpretation which, not to have seen, must discredit a man's theatrical travels.

On Monday "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was given, succeeded by "The Sacrament of Judas." Less a play than too obvious a sermon, it provides, certainly, a manifest opening for the qualities in Mr. Forbes-Robertson that make him, outside the stage, so marked a figure. For the play itself, however, one must needs respect the conception of an idea that enhances life; it cannot but be tedious to see the Stranger knocking down his ninepins with such ease. But Mr. Forbes-Robertson as the Stranger remains a figure to be seen. There is surely none other on the stage who, by the very virtue of his distinction of manner, could give life to a somewhat facile sermon. "The Sacrament of Judas" struck a sincerer note. In all three plays it was Mr. Forbes-Robertson who gave vitality to the performances. In "Hamlet" the cast was not a strong one. Mr. Barnes as Polonius was the strongest figure. Miss Gertrude Elliott's Ophelia will scarcely be considered one of her best parts. In "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" she took her old part of the Slavey, and touched it with real humanity. On both nights the great house was filled, and seemed to be glad to welcome back noble acting to its stage. Moreover, the audience was very enthusiastic—despite the people who came to display their unharmonious coughs—and at the end Mr. Forbes-Robertson received a great ovation.

DARRELL FIGGIS.



## "The Happy Island" at His Majesty's Theatre

SOME Americans are thought to be a little critical of our over-sea dominions. One said to a friend of ours the other day, "Oh, yes; you carry the white man's burden—sitting on the black man's back." That is one of the many rather vague ideas in M. Lengyel's Hungarian play on which Mr. Fagan has founded "The Happy Island." But there are at least twelve other themes, important in themselves, but valueless in the present play. The whole production shows the maximum of effort with the minimum of effect. Sir Herbert Tree, with his usual lavishness, provides everything that can engage and hold our interest. His company of actors—Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Maturin, Mr. Nigel Playfair, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and some fifteen other accomplished people—alone would do it. But added to these, the scenery of the South Pacific isle, the effects of light on sapphire seas, the romance which Stevenson painted so beautiful, the atmosphere of "island voices" are reproduced for our delight. The environment survives, but the play alone fails to greatly please. In the first act, however, everything is hopeful. In the pleasant house of a rich financier, Remington (Mr. McKinnel), we see an agreeable group of comedy figures. Miss Neilson-Terry is the wife of the rich man who has neglected her to discover radium in Polynesia. He has just returned to explain that he cannot get the natives to work the blinding vein of pitchblende, and also to find out that his wife loves Derek Arden (Sir Herbert Tree). Derek suggests that the natives should be humbugged into believing that work is a religious necessity or something of that sort. He at once gives an effective demonstration of how he would do it, and later Remington, to get rid of him and make more money at the same time, offers him £30,000 if he can carry out his plan of appearing as a god to the natives—a god who will make them work. Then there is the love affair, which is not quite clear. Miss Neilson-Terry, who looks more beautiful and acts more sincerely than ever, tries to convince us she loves Derek, and would keep him at her side. He says many handsome things, but evidently wants to get away. The whole act is interesting and amusing. Sir Herbert is splendid as the man of the world with brilliant imagination, native wit, an awkward *affaire* on hand, and in debt to everybody. His make-up is one of the most successful of an ever-lengthening list of victories. Mr. McKinnel is, of course, perfectly sound. Mr. Maturin, as a post-impressionist of a sporting type, and Mr. Arthur Wood as an aristocratic stockbroker, are very cheery. But after the first act we come to the serious affair of Derek gaining a spiritual and material power over the natives of the South Sea island, making them work, and then discovering that he must protect and cherish them and forgo all his own interests in life for their benefit. All this is worked out in a staccato and unconvincing way. One cannot believe in the natives; one cannot put one's faith in the English sailors who arrive with the Remingtons;

one is lost, and the play goes to pieces amid scenes of melodrama and terrible speeches. In the London scene there was an air of truth and all was well; in Polynesia we are asked to expect romance and beauty, and we get nothing but vast hordes of people in very loose and unbecoming costumes of so hideous a brown that they are the despair of even the post-impressionist, unconvincing actions and speeches from Derek, and such a full measure of explosions and villainous saltpetre that Messrs. Ozonair, Ltd., who advertise on the programme to supply pure fresh air, must have had a heavy task to carry out.

Sir Herbert is so popular and "The Happy Island" is produced with such loving care that, no doubt, it will reach some sort of success. But is it quite worthy of so splendid a theatre, of such accomplished artists, of so sincere an audience? We will write nothing more of "The Happy Island"; our judgment may err, and, if we may use one of Sir Herbert's happy phrases, one likes to err on the side of courtesy.

## "The Greatest Wish" at the Garrick Theatre

IF we may judge by the length of time that "Trust the People" was before the public, Mr. Houghton's pseudo-political play did not greatly attract London audiences. We regret this, but it does not prove "Trust the People" to have been in any way an uninteresting work. "The Greatest Wish" is the antithesis of the play it follows in many respects. Mr. Temple Thurston has none of the stagecraft of Mr. Houghton, none of the depth, candour, nor brilliancy. But he can make the people of his imagination very sweet and charming. He is well able to saturate the environment of his characters with that luscious sentiment of disappointed loves and hopes, of negations nobly accepted, of altruism and tenderness which is abundant rather than typical, especially fine or very well worth while. But since "Trust the People" was not liked, surely "The Greatest Wish" must be immensely admired. Mr. Arthur Bouchier's Father O'Leary is the gentlest, wisest, slyest, and kindest priest we have ever known in a presbytery somewhere just off Covent Garden. Miss Henrietta Watson as Mrs. Parfitt is the dearest and kindest cross-grained housekeeper ever found in a priest's house. Mr. Sidney's Pinchers the tenderest and least amusing muffin-man one has heard of since the days of Charles Dickens; Mr. Farren Soutar, as Stephen Gale, is the truest and boldest, most honest and simplest, sailor-lover that ever bored an audience.

Then there is the sweet and tender plot. The greatest wish in the world appears to be the desire to continue a race of sentimental persons—an affair which Dame Nature has already undertaken with her usual thoroughness.

To this end the good father finds on the altar steps a tiny girl and a little note; to this end Miss Barbara Gott, as Mrs. Goosebury, the most good-natured thing in the

world, undertakes to care for the child, although Mrs. Parfitt, the kindest soul imaginable, can hardly bear to give her up for a time. The child Peggy grows up between the prologue and the first act, when Miss Isabel Jeans presents her, in a sweet and delicate and rather affected way, as a lovely and loving girl of seventeen. Stephen is home from the sea and loves her truly, and after the manner of stage sailor men. But Peggy, Miss Aimée de Burgh, is a naughty servant who destroys letters and things of that sort, and hides the fact that the good Stephen has had to answer, very suddenly, the call of the sea, and thus Peggy thinks she will be a nun and all the goodness of the good people is rather clouded.

But Father O'Leary, thanks to the clever Mr. Thurston, sees to everything. The Ursuline Convent, in County Waterford, has for its reverend mother (Miss Maud Milton) the sweet lady with whom O'Leary was in love before he entered the Church. The last scene is in the garden of the convent, where the good father has arranged that the dear sailor shall find his sweet love and the beautiful, kind Mother shall bless them and give the cunning, kind priest two pieces of lavender which he says are better than those you can buy in Covent Garden. This last is not true from the material point of view—nor are a thousand other statements and points in the play. We could give plentiful examples of these lapses, but is it worth while? Those who love the gentle, the beautiful, the sentimental, and the gracefully acted, will greatly enjoy "The Greatest Wish." Its faults, such as they are, will be swallowed up in the pleasure of seeing Mr. Bourchier's ripe fun and ready pathos; in the simple glad happiness of everybody; in the joy of make-believe, and the anæsthesia brought about by seeing so many things, not as they are, but as they ought to be. Once place yourself under the spell of the author and all will go well, and "The Greatest Wish" may appear to you as the greatest play that all these clever people have ever played in. It will never remind you of life, but it will suggest romance and the happiness that lies just beyond the border of our world.

EGAN MEW.

## Notes and News

Mr. Heinemann will publish on April 10 the autobiography of a girl who started life in the uncongenial atmosphere of menial labour, and who has raised herself to a dignified position, far above the rank of her birth. It is entitled "Rue and Roses," and is written by Miss Angela Langer. On April 10 Mr. Heinemann will publish "The Life of the Prince Imperial," written by his former tutor, Augustin Filon.

One of the great beauties of all time, Madame Récamier, is the subject of Mr. Joseph Turquan's "A Great Coquette." He has discovered much unpublished material from which he has constructed a volume worthy to rank with "The Love Affairs of Napoleon." This book Mr. Herbert Jenkins hopes to publish at the same

time as "The Muse in Exile"—Mr. William Watson's new volume of poems—soon after Easter.

Messrs. Gay and Hancock have in preparation a translation of three plays by Arthur Schnitzler—whose "Anatol" was recently such a conspicuous success at the Little Theatre—under the collective title of "The Green Cockatoo," and containing in addition "The Mate" and "Paracelsus." "The Green Cockatoo" is to be the first of a new series of modern plays. The published price will be 2s. 6d. net.

We have received from Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co., of 96, Clerkenwell Road, E.C., an admirable memorial portrait of the late Captain Scott. There is already the promise of a very large sale for this in consequence of its exclusive nature, it being the only one representing the explorer in full-dress uniform. We are informed that Queen Alexandra has purchased from Messrs. Maull and Fox the first impression printed.

Messrs. Holden and Hardingham announce for immediate publication a 2s. edition of "Maids in a Market Garden," by Clo Graves (Richard Dehan, author of "The Dop Doctor," "Between Two Thieves," etc.). The edition will contain all the original illustrations by Maurice Greiffenhagen, and is to be cloth gilt, with a fine art jacket in three colours. The same firm are also issuing another edition of "Love and a Woman," by Charlotte Mansfield, at 1s. net. Miss Mansfield, who is at present in Africa, is engaged on an important novel for Messrs. Holden and Hardingham, entitled "Gloria: A South African Girl."

The Contemporary Art Society is holding, during the first fortnight in April at the Goupil Gallery, 5, Regent Street, S.W. (which has been kindly lent by Messrs. William Marchant and Co.), an exhibition of the works which it has acquired by gift or purchase. In addition to its own possessions, there will be on view certain works by the younger school of artists, loaned to the Society for the purpose of a touring collection which has already been on view at Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Newcastle and Nottingham, and has attracted great attention during the last fifteen months. The president is Lord Howard de Walden, the chairman of the committee, Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., the treasurer, the Earl of Plymouth, and the honorary secretary, C. K. Butler, Bourton House, Shrivenham, to whom subscriptions should be sent.

Under the patronage of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the life-long friend of Swinburne, a dramatic reading of Swinburne's poem-tragedy, "Chastelard," will be given at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, W.C., on Sunday, March 30, at 8.30 p.m., under the direction of Miss Ella Erskine. Miss Erskine will read the part of Mary Queen of Scots, and will be supported by Mr. Clarence Derwent as Chastelard, Mr. Noel Phelps as Darnley, and a company including Mr. Benedict Butler, Mr. C. Dickson-Kenwin, Mr. Frederick Heyes, Mr. Shakespeare Stewart, Miss Phyllis Birkett, Miss Rita Denison, and Miss Ruth Parrott. It is interesting to note that this is the first public presentment of Swinburne's wonderful play.



## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

### PEACE WITH HONOUR.

THE announcement that the Powers have "weathered the storm" will come as a welcome relief to a nerve-shattered Europe. For rarely in modern times have we experienced so prolonged a crisis in international affairs as that which was produced by the war in the Near East. For many months past the fear that Austria and Russia would not be able to compose their differences, and that arising out of their quarrel would come the dread Armageddon, has paralysed business activity throughout Europe. No sooner was one obstacle to peace removed than another appeared in the path. Pessimists, bearing in mind the poor record of diplomacy, more particularly in the sphere of Ottoman politics, despairingly predicted that all attempts to resurrect the Concert of the Powers were doomed to failure, and that the Near Eastern problem, containing as it did so many irreconcilable features, could not possibly be settled by the method of round table conference. To some extent the feeble effort of the Powers to prevent the outbreak of hostilities justified the belief that they would be unable to influence in any way the subsequent course of events. It must not be forgotten, however, that it was not in the interests of Russia that peace should have been preserved in the Balkans. Russia, smarting under the rebuff administered when Bosnia-Herzegovina was annexed by Austria, had made careful preparations, with the direct object of creating a new situation in the Near East. That she should decline to join in any action of a nature such as would forbid war, when she had constructed all her plans with a view to war, was inconceivable. But so soon as the triumph of the Balkan Allies was assured, the work of restoring the European Concert as an effective instrument in the maintenance of peace could be commenced, with some prospect of success.

While a number of minor questions remain to be dealt with, it may now be said with reasonable certainty that for the time being all danger of a European conflagration has been removed. This result will go a long way towards rehabilitating diplomacy. That the reputation of diplomacy stood in need of a victory of this kind, no student of recent international controversies will deny. Beginning with the seizures of Chinese territory in the period that immediately preceded the Boxer rising of 1900, the Great Powers have been guilty of a long series of piratical acts aimed against their weaker neighbours in various parts of the world, and, as a consequence, the opinion has widely prevailed that treaties only represented so much waste paper, and that the conscience of the nations was dead.

On all sides there is common agreement that the Balkan settlement constitutes a sane compromise arrived at by the method of frank diplomacy. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that the occasion will mark a new departure in the regulation of international relations, or that the Concert of Europe will outlive the immediate

task in hand. Were we idealists of the type of Mr. Carnegie, we might indulge in the hope that the Ambassadors' Conference in London should become a permanent institution. Nevertheless, the concord of the Powers in regard to the Near East has emphasised one important aspect of the general situation, which time may prove to be of an enduring nature. It is now abundantly clear that no nation in the world is prepared to embark upon war for a trivial cause. The system of alliances and ententes into which Europe is divided, far from complicating matters, has reduced the issue that confronts diplomacy to one of terrible simplicity. No single Power can to-day act alone and in defiance of Europe. Partial war is no longer possible. Either Europe is plunged in war from end to end, or Europe is at peace. No middle way exists. It is this knowledge that imposed restraint upon diplomacy during the crisis in the Near East. Only now that the tension is relieved can we realise how perilously near we have been to the madness of universal conflict. When we reflect upon the sacrifices which the Powers have made in the cause of tranquillity, we find that our faith in the sincerity of statesmen is somewhat revived.

There have been not one but several incidents since the opening of hostilities which led either Russia or Austria, supported by the nations friendly to them, to assume an attitude that appeared to admit of no compromise. But happily common-sense and forbearance have always been allowed to triumph. For example, had Russia insisted that Serbia be permitted to annex Albanian coast territory a European war would have been as sure as fate. The settlement that was arrived at satisfied the *amour propre* of all parties concerned. Serbia, under restricted conditions, is to gain access to the sea, and thus neither the Russian nor the Austrian view in its entirety was allowed to prevail. In like manner, had Russia supported to the last the Montenegrin demand for Scutari, war would have been inevitable. Here again the wise policy of compromise has found a solution. But the greatest contribution of the Powers to the cause of peace lay in their loyalty to the avowal, which they made at the outset, of territorial disinterestedness. For Austria such self-denial, involving as it did the abandonment of all ambition in the direction of Salonika, must have caused considerable heart-burning. In spite of the bellicose vapourings of the military party, Austrian diplomacy has been inspired throughout by the peace-loving spirit of the Emperor Franz Josef; and it is to that venerable figure, more than to any other participant in the deliberations of Europe, that the world owes its gratitude for the postponement of the horrors of widespread war. Certainly the Balkan crisis has not been without its positive value in clearing the situation. It proves that no nation will flinch in matters of vital concern, but that where dispute admits of adjustment neighbourly goodwill is permitted to prevail. In other words, it is quite apparent that no nation is so overwhelmingly confident as to the issue that it will wantonly pick a quarrel.

## MOTORING

IT will be remembered that a year or two ago the gradual disfigurement of the country-side by the erection of huge signs advertising certain well-known motor tyres led to much protest on the part of the Press generally. Nothing resulted from the agitation. In fact, during the past year there was a large increase in the number of these obnoxious hoardings. At last, however, one of the offending companies has announced its intention of withdrawing its roadside advertisements—an action which will no doubt be followed by its competitors. This is matter for congratulation, but it is only fair to the other tyre manufacturers to point out that the company referred to is not legitimately entitled to the credit it is seeking to derive from its decision. The facts are that as far back as 1910 the three principal tyre manufacturing concerns were approached by Mr. A. J. Wilson with a proposal that they should jointly agree to discontinue roadside advertising. The Dunlop and Continental companies expressed their willingness to do so, but the other declined, thus compelling the former, in self-defence, to display increased energy in this direction. Whatever reasons, therefore, may have induced the company in question to withdraw its signs and abandon this objectionable form of advertising for the future, the fact remains that it has been responsible for the two years' delay in bringing about the reform, as well as for the extension of the landscape-disfiguring process during the last twelve months.

Following the Chancery Division judgment in favour of Argylls Limited, last July, the Argyll single sleeve-valve engine was in the Court of Appeal, Royal Courts of Justice, London, on the 19th inst., in connection with the alleged infringement of the Knight patents. The decision of the Court was a confirmation of the original judgment—namely, that the Argyll engine was not an infringement. The Master of the Rolls, Lord Justice Buckley, and Lord Justice Hamilton awarded Argylls Limited expenses.

The natural gratification of the winners of the Tyre Trial will be marred by the unfortunate accident which brought the event to a premature end last week. Although three out of the four competing tyres had been out of the running some time, it was the intention of the entrants of the Victor to run their tyre to destruction. In view, however, of the complete smash-up of the test car and the serious accidents to four of its five occupants, the trial will no doubt be regarded as finally over, although the Victor was still sound and apparently good for many more miles. Mr. Binyon, the technical observer throughout the trial, was one of those injured in the accident, so that the issue of the complete official report of the Test may be considerably delayed.

R. B. H.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange has quite decided that a better tone shall be fashionable after the Easter holidays.

Not much business is expected, but we are to feel happier. That is something. A reaction is about due. Everything moves towards peace. Until it has been definitely settled that the Allies will accept the terms of the Great Powers, indeed, until peace has been finally signed, we must not expect anything like a boom in markets. Personally, I believe that the damage done to trade in the Balkan States and Turkey will react on the whole of Europe. At home we have seen a great firm like Ransomes Sims set aside £10,000 for possible losses, and in Paris the Union Parisienne is underwriting £600,000 to replace money lost in the Bank of Athens. These are only two minor details of which the world hears. There are hundreds of firms whose money has been hung up or who have made many bad debts through the war. Therefore, I cannot help thinking that the present good trade will gradually die down. Shipping is already beginning to find freights more deficient, and many more tramps are being built and all shipping people expect dull times in the next six months. In the coal trade most pits are full of orders for the present year and no reduction in prices is expected, but as the iron and steel trades are somewhat duller this will tell upon the coal trade.

The Stock Exchange says that such depression as must come will be good for the markets. Money now employed in trade will be released and gamblers in the produce markets will turn to the Stock Exchange. There is just enough truth in this to make it alluring—but no more. At any rate, I cannot advise any one to plunge on the strength of such prophecies.

Naturally there have been no new issues during Easter. The only firm that has had the courage to have the holidays has been Spirlings, who has asked the public to find more money for the Mississippi Power Scheme. There are various opinions in regard to this scheme. But on the whole I think the bonds a fair speculation at the price. The whole of the United States has gone mad on Power schemes. There are very few large towns that have not got some large plant either erected or about to be erected. The Kaministiquia and Shanigan have been signal successes, and there are others. But the bulk of those now selling in London are on the speculative side. The public finds the money in bonds and the promoters take the Common stock, which is all water. Doherty, Leach, Bonright and Spirlings have made a speciality of the Yankee schemes and the Mackenzie and Mann people have half a dozen big affairs. They may all come off. A huge newspaper campaign is being arranged and we shall hear a good deal more of Power Scheme Bonds in the next six months.

MONEY remains steady. But the rumours of peace have had a little effect in discounts and a shade easier tendency is expected after the turn of the quarter. Germany and Austria are the two countries most in need of money. In Austria the position is certainly bad, and numberless failures have occurred. It will be interesting to see how the forthcoming loans go. Unless we get a good deal more gold bankers will be compelled to curtail credit in all directions. They cannot go on piling up credits with-



out a definite gold basis of at least 15 per cent. South Africa sends a steady supply, and Russia goes on prospecting and increasing her yield, but the rest of the world is stationary.

**HOME RAILS.**—The late Easter weather must have seriously affected the traffics. But in spite of the rise in rates the railways make little or no profit out of their passenger and excursion traffics. The profitable business is done in minerals, and this side of the trade is brisk. Therefore, I think it quite safe to buy to-day. A general rise in rates will occur which will more than offset the Minimum Wage Bill and the increased cost of materials. Shareholders may expect good dividends for 1913. But we sorely need some shareholders' protection society. Our railways are directed by boards that know little of railway work, and all details must be left in the hands of the permanent officials. It is only human nature to expect that those officials will work along lines of least resistance. They are not out to create new work. Any innovation means more work, and as it costs money both directors and officials oppose it. Consequently, our railways do not move with the times. All of them should be electrified from one end to the other. They have a dense population to move and an increasing goods traffic. The trams in our suburban districts would never have been built had the railway been run by clear-sighted men who were determined to take all the traffic and stop competition. There is not a town in England where the railway has not lost business through a tramline which need never have been built had the railway provided a good service of electric trains.

**YANKEES.**—There is a better tone in this market. The United States is so closely allied with Germany that we cannot hope for any boom as long as the Continent is unsettled. But those who are looking out for a safe investment should take advantage of the present low range of prices to buy. Many English people still think that Yankee rails are run by rascals for their own profit. This may have been the case, but the day for such manipulation is passed. All the great lines are in the hands of bankers who are just as honest as English bankers and just as determined to finance honestly as our own great financial houses. Traffics are steadily going up and show no signs of falling away. But prices remain dull. I cannot conceive a better investment than Union Pacifics. It is backed by Kuhn Loeb and Co., an honest house; its largest shareholder is Sir Ernest Cassel. The dividend is 10 per cent. and the surplus of undivided profit enough to pay 25 to 30 dollars a share bonus. Yet the price is only 152 and the stock gives  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at this yield. The legal squabble is really of no moment. It will be settled sooner or later, and however it be settled it cannot hurt the company seriously. Therefore, I say buy Union Pacifics.

**RUBBER.**—One or two more rubber reports have come out. Java Amalgamated goes on the vicious system of placing over £10,000 development expenses to the assets and is thus enabled to pay 10 per cent. dividend. But the shares are over-valued. Golden Hope has done well and the shares are not dear, as the estimate for the current year seems likely to be reached and this should maintain the dividend. But good as have been the results of most of the companies, I can only see a steady downward movement in prices. The market is perhaps over-sold. The dealers deny this, but the steadiness of quotations disproves their denial. Were it not for this we should have seen a slump. We can easily see that all the estates must produce 25 per cent. more rubber this year than last. Brazil is increasing her yield. Trade will fall away, and with it the price of rubber and the dividends on the rubber shares. Such a movement seems quite inevitable.

**OIL.**—The public flatly refuses to gamble in oil shares. It burnt its fingers over Maikop and has not yet been healed of its hurt. But Shell must be building up a huge income. Its gross profit on petrol alone must be 1s. 6d. per gallon. This is fabulous. I am assured that both Shell and Standard Oil can land petrol at Thames Haven at 3½d. to 4d. per gallon and still sell at a profit. But outside Shell, Anglo-American, Royal Dutch and Spies I see no cheap shares in the oil market. All the others are mere gambles, and most of them are badly managed. All the Russian companies are wastefully managed and have quite failed to take advantage of the present high price of oil—a price which is quite fictitious and in spite of the combine cannot long be maintained. My Russian friends laugh at the mad oil boom in St. Petersburg. They fear that a serious crisis will result. There is neither rhyme nor reason in the fancy quotation. But Maikop companies must be reaping a golden harvest—and one which they will never get again in our time.

**MINES.**—The big houses in the Kaffir market decline to move a finger to support their special favourites. They say that they will wait till the war is over. As no one buys mining shares to-day the dealers offer down one share after another, for they do not wish to put more stock on their books. But as the new policy of crushing the richest ore must have an effect upon dividends it seems a reasonable speculation to buy a few of the best mines with long lives. Modder, Modder B and Brakpans look cheap. But avoid all mines with lives under ten years. They are over-valued whatever price they may stand at. A good many people ask about Ivanhoe, which has five years' ore in sight. But I fancy the bottom of the mine has been reached, and that the insider is getting out as he did in Great Boulder.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—All the big shops have now issued their reports. All are good; even though Whiteleys have reduced their dividend, their gross profit has gone up. D. H. Evans have done splendidly, and the preference are a fine investment. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths have also had a good year, and here also the preference shares are a sound and cheap investment. Peter Robinson has again made splendid profits. There is hardly a great shop in London that has not improved its position, and a trust made up of shares in those shops would be a fine investment even at to-day's prices. The Marconi scandal has not done the market in the shares any good. Not a week passes but one hears of a new wireless invention, and not a week goes by but one hears of the poor results achieved by the Marconi company. Again I say that the shares are only a gamble, and should be got rid of at the present ridiculous high price.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "BACON IS SHAKESPEARE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. George Stronach and Mr. William T. Smedley, not to mention Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence (whose cipher arguments I do not profess to have studied, and therefore do not so much rely upon), having, as I think, disposed of the fallacies and misstatements of your correspondent, Mr. "Tom Jones" (which, I may say, in passing, seem to me but a repetition of the often exposed fallacies and misstatements of Sir Sidney Lee), may I, as an old Baconian—the oldest, perhaps, still living—be allowed to say a word in reply to another of your correspondents, who signs himself "A Lover of 'Our Will,'" and who, assuming, in a manner too common, as I think, with "Shake-

spereans," a sort of monopoly of "logic and reason," proceeds, as I also venture to think, to the inditing of a letter which, from the beginning to the end of it, seems to negative his claim to either of those faculties—his very signature involving or betraying a huge *petitio principii*.

Passing over this begging of the whole question—which is *not* whether Shakespeare wrote the plays, but who the "Shakespeare" who wrote them was—what, I would ask, is there in "A Lover's" letter (I will call it that for short) to justify him in speaking so contemptuously of the "fearsome logic" of Baconians and extolling his own? Let us see, by following "A Lover" through the instances he gives of our fearful aberrations from reason.

The first, it would seem, is that, as Bacon was *admittedly* a "poet"—a man *confessedly* endowed with all the attributes of a poet of the highest order—*confessedly* not only by some of the highest authorities of modern times, as Shelley and Macaulay, but by (it may be said) the whole literary world of his time, with whom he was the "Chancellor of Parnassus," the "rival of Apollo," etc., etc.—some thirty chaplets being thrown upon his tomb (so to speak) with such-like tributes to him (as a *poet*, be it noted, more than as a philosopher)—Baconians are not, forsooth, justified in coming to the conclusion that he must have written, and been known to have written, something more than those Psalm translations of which "A Lover" speaks so contemptuously—though, after all, they are better than Milton's! Is this unreason? Is this illogical? If it be, what of the unreason, the absolute negation of logic, which can bring a sane man to expect that a man *admittedly* unlearned, "no scholar," if not absolutely illiterate—such a man as your correspondent, in short, calls "Our Will"—the man whose sole authenticated composition which has come down to us is the doggerel on his tombstone—could have written the most learned compositions in the form of poetry ever perhaps penned? If the conclusion of Baconians from one set of facts be unreason and negative of logic, what terms ought we to apply to the other?

And, be it remembered, that in their deduction from their set of facts, Baconians do not go so far as to say that it justifies them in affirming that Bacon wrote the plays, etc.—they only say that it justifies them in believing that he wrote more than the Psalms and more than the "poetic prose" contained in his acknowledged works to have acquired the reputation as a poet which he did. That he did write the Plays, of course, they certainly do not doubt; but they do not base their belief on this ground alone.

But, in further instance of the "unreason" of Baconians, "A Lover" exclaims, "*prose*, which is poetry, is still *prose*, and the faculty (meaning, I suppose, quality) of such prose is heavens wide of the gift of creative drama and verse such as Shakespeare wrote."

Well, true—very true—whoever denied it? But is this exclamation—this bit of rhetoric—logic? Does the fact that Bacon, when he wrote prose, could not, as it were, help infusing into that prose "poetry"—poetic imagery—"of the highest order," prove that he had *not* also the "gift of creative drama" (or, as I should put it, the creative gift of drama) when he chose to exercise it, though, of course, he, as much as he could, repressed it in his acknowledged scientific works, where it would be out of place? And, is it more logical to lay it down as a probability, or even a possibility, as "A Lover of 'Our Will'" seems to do, that "verse lyrical and passionate" should with less likelihood come from one who, admittedly and notoriously, had the gift of "poetic-prose," than from one of whom it cannot be said, without the monstrous *petitio principii*—the wholesale begging of the question of which I have complained on the part of

your correspondent, and which, indeed, is common to all "Shakespearians,"—that he (the beloved "Will" of your correspondent) had any poetic gift whatever?

Your correspondent (I might almost say, of course) concluded his letter by asking the favourite Shakespearian question as to why Bacon concealed one portion of his writings and not another, as if there were some subtle "logic" in that. Is a man obliged to give his reasons for all his actions, or, indeed, *could* he, if he so wished? Far more to the point, in my mind, than this catechising of Baconians would be the question, Why, if the man of Stratford—the "Will" of your correspondent's admiration—wrote the Plays, did *he* conceal the fact, for there is no record that I know of that he ever wrote them, claimed them, spoke of them, boasted of them (as he certainly might have been expected to do amongst his Stratford acquaintances) or ever once in any way referred to them. Yet they could have brought *him* into no danger or disrepute. On the contrary, to hear it said in his native town, "'Our Will' has achieved such fame," would, one would think, have been music in his ears. At any rate it is, I think, a most reasonable and logical conclusion to come to.

But "here" (in *this* concealment), to borrow your correspondent's own words, "is no place for logic or reason, but only for that blind Stratfordian faith" (he will pardon my alteration of one word) which can bring itself to the conviction apparently that, in spite of Logic and the Law of Nature, men *do* "gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles."

Begging the favour of your insertion of this letter, I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,  
Dullatur House, Hereford.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

#### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The First Folio, 1623, is the foundation upon which the verdict of Shakespearean authorship is based; the prefatory notices therein are so honestly expressed, so directly personal to Shakespeare, that no cryptogram, cypher, or inter-reading is needed. The words bear a plain interpretation. As witness those by Ben Jonson—

Soul of the Age,

Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,

My Shakespeare rise! . . . Sweet Swan of Avon—

Shine forth thou star of poets and with rage

Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage.

In the name of Thespis, however could those lines be applied to Bacon? Yet Mr. Smedley will persist in repeating that "the plays as printed were not produced at the Elizabethan theatres. Had the attempt been made the actors would have been pelted off the stage before the end of the first act." Quarto editions of single plays published during Shakespeare's lifetime, inform us they "have been sundrie times publicly acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants." To which company Shakespeare belonged, and which in 1603 became the "King's men." That contradicts Mr. Smedley whatever he assumes. Mr. Smedley also persists in stating that "William Shakespeare" is a pseudonym for F. Bacon. There is no proof that Bacon ever used a pseudonym, but put his own name to his writings, as witness the ten Essays published in 1597. In the dedication to his brother, Anthony Bacon, he says: "They were going to print. . . to let them pass had been to adventure the wrong they might receive by untrue copies. Therefore I held it best discretion to publish them myself." Now, it was owing to the "divers stolen and surreptitious copies" that Heminge and Condell (good souls) collected



the thirty-six plays in their possession and published them in folio to "keep the memory of so worthy a friend alive as was our Shakespeare." However, indeed, can the Baconian idea of authorship be for one moment entertained after such evidence of fact? Assuming that Bacon did use the name "William Shakespeare" as a pseudonym, why was it necessary for him to inform the readers of the Folio that he regretted the author had not lived to "oversee" his works? Was there any necessity for that? Would Bacon have practised such deceit? Who could believe he did?

Mr. Smedley resorts to statements of this kind. That the "Advancement of Learning" (the earliest date of writing was 1603), and the "Novum Organum" (earliest date of writing was 1608) describe at length works Bacon was going to write, which Mr. Smedley pronounces "do in every particular and detail correspond" with Shakespeare's later dramas, including "Hamlet." Now, "Hamlet" was written in 1602; and "divers times publicly acted" before Bacon had begun to write it! Thus Mr. Smedley supports his theories through ignorance, or he designedly foists upon us his fiction; and pray what is the object of it all—is it for sport?

Mr. Smedley suggests that Bacon translated the Bible. But the Authorised Version, 1611, was not a new translation, for, "notwithstanding the very considerable learning of the many revisers, the translation remained substantially that of Tyndale and Coverdale." By this, Bacon had no hand in the revision. Mr. Smedley admires Bacon's poetry, and tells us that Bacon was capable of creating the magnificent language which is to be found in the Psalms. For the poetry, witness Bacon's "Translation of Certain Psalms," published in 1625. The versification is inferior to Shakespeare's worst. It reminds one of what Marlowe calls the "jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits." Mr. Smedley, however, has admitted it to be poor stuff; yet Bacon was not ashamed of his work—he put his name on the title-page. The audacity with which Baconians cite from eminent Shakespearean scholars to give colour to their theories is a curious method of proving their case for Bacon. Mr. Smedley declares that "no contemporary evidence that the Stratford man was the author of the plays exists prior to the 1623 Folio"; which is to admit that such evidence does exist in the Folio. Mr. Smedley has published a book entitled "The Mystery of Bacon." However that may be, I can assure him, or anyone else, there is no mystery concerning Shakespeare. Finally, I would advise Mr. Smedley, if he seriously believes Bacon to have written the most wonderful poetic and dramatic prodigies the world possesses, to first set out to prove that Bacon did not write the works attributed to him, as they are really the insuperable obstacle to the belief in his authorship of what we call "Shakespeare."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
London, E.C. TOM JONES.

#### SOME BACONIAN BLUNDERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—One might have some patience with Baconians, did they show any traces of an elementary knowledge of classical or English literature. I showed in my last letter that Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence thinks "quarta" means "square," and that a "hexameter" is an "iambic,"—mistakes for which a boy of ten would be caned. Mr. Stronach (see his letter on p. 156) thinks "deducts" means "deduces"! This is pitiful. (They can't all be "slips of the pen"!)

The few Baconians who have challenged my accuracy with regard to "The Advancement of Learning," don't

even understand the meaning of the text. When Bacon says he excludes lyric poetry as a mere "character of style," what does Mr. Stronach think he means? It means, of course, that Bacon thought lyric poetry not worth mentioning. Any other interpretation is as fantastic as the Georgian preacher's sermon on the text "Top-Knot come down." So, too, Mr. Smedley interprets Bacon's well-known allusion to the poet's power of making unions and divorces unknown to nature, as referring to the "unities." This is utter rubbish. Bacon refers to the man-goats and man-horses, chimeras and centaurs, and so forth, of the classical poets. The remark is a commonplace of criticism, and is found in various forms in a hundred writers from Plato to Addison, as Mr. Smedley would know if he had read any Latin or Greek in his life. These observations of mine are a matter of fact, not opinion, as anyone will inform Mr. Smedley. If he doubts me, let him write to Professor Saintsbury or Mr. Wright or any other authority on Bacon. They will give him their unbiased opinions.

Not a single Professor of Literature in the Universities of the United Kingdom is a Baconian.

Finally, any classical scholar who knows his Shakespeare will see at a glance that the writer, unlike Marlowe or Ben Jonson, knew "little Latin and less Greek." Do you suppose Bacon could have written "Andronicus," or have made Hector talk of

"Young men whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to learn moral philosophy"?

Of course he couldn't. But Baconians won't see the point of this. It requires a rudimentary knowledge of the classics. Yours truly,

Poona, February 20.

H. G. RAWLINSON.

#### A MODERN CRITIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I have noticed in the current issue of THE ACADEMY an article headed "A Modern Critic," being a review of Mr. Arthur Ransome's book, "Portraits and Speculations." Your reviewer, I fear, in the intention of doing full justice to Mr. Ransome, has been unintentionally guilty of a slight injustice to me. While commenting on the leading essay in Mr. Ransome's volume, your reviewer remarks:—

"The title of his first essay is at once a battle-cry and a great light, 'Art for Life's Sake.' We have had to wait long for this phrase, and we congratulate Mr. Ransome on it, as well as on the essay it heads. It almost ends the controversy of two generations."

If your reviewer finds the advent of the phrase a matter for felicitation, he has waited for it rather longer than was quite necessary, since the phrase occurred in my book, "On the Truth of Decorative Art—A Dialogue between an Oriental and an Occidental" (Greening and Co., May, 1912), and in connection with this very controversy which has troubled two generations.

Your reviewer quotes Mr. Ransome: "The theory of art for art's sake left its holders at a loss. . . . The theory of art for morality's sake was no more satisfying. . . . The theory of art for life's sake has a clear answer and offers a valid test."—"Portraits and Speculations," p. 30.)

You will forgive me if I quote myself:—

"But, as I remarked before, art for art's sake has no place in any scheme. Art for morality's sake, though less absurd, is still a perversion. You seem to ignore that there is a middle way between these two improprieties.

"And what is that?"

"Briefly, art for decoration's sake, otherwise art for life's sake." (On the "Truth of Dec. Art," p. 44.)

I do not claim to have settled an artistic controversy of two generations' standing with a phrase, but if this apparently trivial phrase is really as momentous as your reviewer believes it to be, I shall, perhaps, be forgiven for writing now to claim its authorship.

Mr. Ransome's essay "Art for Life's Sake" first appeared, I believed, in the *English Review* in December, 1912. In August of the same year, Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy (whose eminence as a critic of Indian art is referred to in the current issue of *THE ACADEMY*) reviewed my book in an Indian journal. Dr. Coomaraswamy headed this review "Art for Life's Sake," showing that the phrase as well as the idea had already been found noteworthy.

A review of my book by Mr. Haldane Macfall appeared in *THE ACADEMY* on January 18. Mr. Macfall there informed your readers that I had "achieved a most notable and remarkable book," and that my "modest little volume should be in the hands of every man who has an interest in art."

On the strength of this assurance I would beg your reviewer, and Mr. Ransome (if he has not already done so), to read my modest little volume, without fearing that they will waste their time in so doing.

Your reviewer thinks that in saying "Art for Life's Sake" Mr. Ransome uttered the last word on the subject. If this really is the last word, perhaps, after reading my book, Mr. Ransome will concede that I had whispered the last word first.—Yours faithfully,

LIONEL DE FONSEKA.

1, Milton Chambers,  
Cheyne Walk, S.W.

#### "SENSE" AS A VERB.

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*.

Sir,—I sense with regret that your love for the purity of the English language compels you to condemn the use of "sense" as a verb. We all have our likes and dislikes, of course, and even though to you it savors of affectation, there are others to whom it appeals strongly as the correct word to use.

"Sense" as a verb has attained a fine old age. Sir James A. H. Murray has shown us that its use dates as far back as 1577—the year when watches were first introduced into England from Germany, when Sir Francis Drake set out on his voyage around the world, and when good Queen Bess began to persecute the praying Puritans for expounding the Scriptures. And from that date Dr. Murray cites instances of verbal use down through the vista of years: 1598, 1623, 1631, 1643, 1647, 1656, 1659, 1661, 1682, 1687, 1688, 1704, 1726, and 1755. From this date the word, as a verb, seems to have been lost sight of, for Sir James does not cite any examples thereafter until 1860, when he cites Bartlett's *Americanisms*, which gives the word as meaning "to understand." This he follows with a quotation from Laurence Oliphant dated 1872, following it up in turn with a couplet from Will Carleton dated 1873:—

"O, God! if you want a man to *sense* the pains of hell,  
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!"  
Hornaday used it with the sense "become aware of" in his "Two Years in the Jungle" (1885)—"The herd *sensed* the danger and made off."

Thomas Hardy, our modern apostle of good English, used it in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" to mean "under-

stand"—"I cannot *sense* your meaning." Since then it has been used with perfect propriety by many writers—even contributors to the *Quarterly*. Lieutenant Macfall, if he has sinned at all, and I do not think he has, has sinned in good company, for among like offenders were Ailesbury, Bunyan, Donne, Oliphant, Hornaday, Hardy, "Some names!" as my boy would say.—Very heartily yours,

FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

736, Riverside Drive, New York.

February 25, 1913.

#### CHINESE ALCHEMY.

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*.

Sir,—I have read with very great interest Mr. F. Hadland Davis's article on "The Elixir of Life in Ancient China" in your current issue.

"Very curious," writes Mr. Davis, "is the old Chinese philosopher's conception of gold. To him gold has not always been gold, but the result of progressive evolutions, from the first immaterial principle of creation to silver up to the precious metal itself. Another mystic asserts that gold is the perfected essence of mountain rock, which in a thousand years is converted into quicksilver. The quicksilver has been produced by the female or lunar principle in nature, and does not become gold until it is acted upon by the masculine, or solar principle. This compound, when treated in a particular way, became the powder of transmutation, and also the elixir of life, or 'the golden draught.'"

Are we to understand all these remarks to refer to the beliefs of the old Chinese philosophers? If so a very interesting problem in folklore is raised? I have studied Chinese philosophy only somewhat superficially, but I know something more, I think, of mediæval alchemy in Europe, and the theories Mr. Davis outlines are entirely those of European alchemy. The European alchemists also believed that gold had not always been gold, but was produced by evolution from "mercury," the female principle of nature, by fecundation with "sulphur," the male principle. They also believed that by carrying the process further one could produce the Philosopher's Stone and Elixir of Life. If the Chinese philosophers held similar ideas, how are we to account for this fact; for certainly no interchange of thought took place between the two schools? Are we to suppose that similar origins gave rise to similar theories concerning the nature of metals, for, as I have shown (*Journal of the Alchemical Society*, vol. 1, pp. 2-14), mysticism played no less a part in the genesis of mediæval alchemy in Europe, than it appears to have done, according to Mr. Davis, with respect to Chinese alchemy; or are we to suppose that both European and Chinese alchemy are the products of a tradition originating from the same source, far back in time; or, finally, is Mr. Davis merely referring to the theories of the European alchemists in the latter part of the above quotation?—Yours very faithfully,

H. STANLEY REDGROVE,

B.Sc. (Lond.), F.C.S.

Acting President of the Alchemical Society.

[The quotation to which Mr. Redgrove refers relates exclusively to the old Chinese alchemists, and the fact that many of the Taoist beliefs are common to those associated with European alchemy is a point of considerable interest. I cannot explain the similarity; but personally I am inclined to agree with one of Mr. Redgrove's suggestions, viz., that mysticism played a most important part in the genesis of alchemy in Europe as well as in China.—F. HADLAND DAVIS.]



## THOSE MAD SUFFRAGETTES!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The entire civilised world stands amazed at England's apparent weakness and vacillation in regard to its treatment of those mad Suffragettes. Moreover, all the world is strongly inclined to question the long-acclaimed efficiency of British justice! And small wonder, seeing that in all its dealings with these mad creatures the so-called administration of justice has been pitifully weak and ridiculously illogical. For what could be more absurd and more inimical to the ends of justice and the public interests than the conduct of the Home Secretary upon several occasions in releasing the most violent and mischievous of such offenders, merely out of terror lest they should really die of self-inflicted starvation? In effect, had the authorities (! ! !) only had the "nerve" to treat such Anarchists and incendiaries just as they would common culprits and criminals, the nuisance would have been stamped out long ago.

And, pray, why should such creatures be treated with any regard for their "sex"? For even were they really women at all, they should not be thus immune. Moreover, it is the height of absurdity and inconsistency on the part of such viragoes and desperadoes to claim or accept privilege or immunity on account of their "sex." For do not they claim and insist upon absolute equality? It seems to me that they do things better in Wales, in Scotland, and in Ireland than in England; for in any one of the former countries they make short work of Suffragette mischief-doers. Again, I notice that whenever the mad things are treated just as they deserve, or are roughly handled in return, they are only too glad to seek police protection. They do not relish being fought with their own weapons! What the British Government, or British law-makers and law-administrators should do, is to severely punish the leaders, and sequester in criminal asylums the more violent and fanatical among the rank and file. Then, if they really want to be "martyrs," let them. I am sure they would not be "missed," and I am just as certain that no one would blame or condemn British justice.

As it stands to-day, however, "British Justice" is pretty universally contumed!

EDWIN RIDLEY.

## THE INDIAN MAGAZINES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your able and distinguished contributor who reviews the Indian magazines in THE ACADEMY of March 8, accuses me for being partisan. This comment, apparently, was made, and possibly provoked, because in my review of Mr. Spender's book in the *Rajput Herald*, I described the author's impartial outlook as something superhuman. I never meant to style the mere writing of the book as a superhuman performance. When it is so difficult to come across a book which does not offend either the Anglo-Indians or the Indians, it is not a partisan spirit. I may add here for your reviewer's enlightenment that I do not hold Liberal views, that had prompted me to regard the performance as superhuman. I should like to know the name of any other English writer who, after a few weeks' stay in India, had observed so much and so well, as Mr. J. A. Spender. Your contributor is wont to consider the book as very superficial. That may be his opinion. But the temperament which could not tolerate the existence of a different opinion from itself is the last to assume the rôle of perfection and stigmatise my spirit as partisan. Verily the man in a glass house should be the last to throw stones at others. Yours faithfully,

30, Drayton Park, N.

SUNDARA RAJA.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer.* (First Series. "Wanderjahre.") By William Charles Scully. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)  
*In the Land of Pearl and Gold: A Pioneer's Wanderings in the Back-Blocks and Pearling Grounds of Australia and New Guinea.* By Alexander Macdonald, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)  
*Anecdotes of Bench and Bar.* Collected and arranged by Arthur H. Engelbach. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. F. E. Smith, P.C., K.C., M.P. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)  
*Half-Lengths.* By the Rt. Hon. George W. E. Russell. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- International Law Situations, with Solutions and Notes.* (Naval War College, Newport, R.I.)  
*Sport.* By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. (Animals' Friend Society. 2d.)  
*Bulletin and Review of the Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome.* Edited by Sir Rennell Rodd and H. Nelson Gay. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)

## VERSE.

- Glimpses of an Old Friend.* By the Author of "Meta's Letters." (Simpkin and Co. 1s. net.)  
*First Poems.* By Max Plowman. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)  
*The Idylls of Theocritus.* Translated into English verse by James Henry Holland, M.A. (Rivingtons. 5s.)

## FICTION.

- Nathalia: A Tale of the Events leading up to the Birth of Peter the Great of Russia.* By Fred Wishaw. (John Long. 6s.)  
*The Decoy Duck.* By a Peer. (John Long. 6s.)  
*Mingled Seed.* By Alice Jeans. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)  
*Little Grey Girl.* By Mary Openshaw. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)  
*Ineffectual Fires.* By E. M. Smith-Dampier. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

## PERIODICALS.

- The Vineyard; The New Monthly, Madras; The Rajput Herald; Educational Times; Harper's Monthly Magazine; English Review; Empire Review; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Cambridge Magazine; La Revue; Mercure de France; Deutsche Rundschau; University Correspondent; School World; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Publishers' Circular; Bookseller; The Bibelot; Book Monthly; M. A. B.; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; The Blue Book; St. Nicholas; Land Union Journal; The Author; London University Gazette; The Amateur Photographer Empire Number; The Bookfellow, Sydney; Constitution Papers; The Dawn, Calcutta; The Modern World, Madras; The Collegian, Calcutta; Boy's Own Paper; Girl's Own Paper; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, U.S.A.; Official Year Book of the Church of England, 1913; United Empire; Cobalt Mining Manual, 1913; Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes; Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1913; L'Action Nationale; Cambridge University Reporter; Sunday at Home; Friendly Greetings; Stock Exchanges Ten-Year Record of Prices and Dividends, 1903 to 1912; The Bodleian; The Malthusian; The Animals' Friend.*

## The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

### AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

### SHIPPING.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO ... AND THROUGH CANADA ...

**TRANSATLANTIC**—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service via Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W. 1. 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

## UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO  
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.

Via the SUEZ CANAL.

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to  
MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.  
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

## CUNARD LINE PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the  
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC  
by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS,  
MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA,  
ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME,  
PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

## P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA,  
JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.  
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

## P & O Pleasure Cruises

Throughout  
the Year,  
according  
to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE,  
NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,  
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, or Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2, LONDON.

## P & O Round the World Tours.

## R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

TO	FARE	LENGTH OF TOUR	SAILING	FROM
NORWAY, Mediterranean, Holy Land, & Egypt.	From £1 a day	About 14 Days	June to December.	Southampton & Grimsby.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

### CRUISES TO MOROCCO.

Canary Islands and Madeira.

23 days from £18.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,  
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C.4, or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

## FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle  
In exposure of humbug  
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A  
Weekly Review  
of Politics, Art,  
Music, Literature,  
and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY  
of all Newsagents—or sent  
direct from the Publishers,  
for 6s. per annum (post free)  
or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London